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Werner's Readings and Recitations

No. 42

Famous Modern Orations

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Werner's Readings and Recitations

No. 42

FAMOUS MODERN ORATIONS

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NATIONAL EXPANSION.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

[Address while President at Dedication St. Louis World's Fair, April 30, 1903.]

THE work of expansion was by far the greatest work of our people during the years that intervened between the adoption of the Constitution and the outbreak of the Civil War. There were other questions of real moment and importance, and there were many which at the time seemed such to those engaged in answering them; but the greatest feat of our forefathers of those generations was the deed of the men who, with pack-train or wagon-train, on horseback, on foot, or by boat upon the waters, pushed the frontier ever westward across the continent.

Never before had the world seen the kind of national expansion which gave our people all that part of the American conti-

nent lying west of the thirteen original States, the greatest landmark in which was the Louisiana Purchase. Our triumph in this process of expansion was indissolubly bound up with the success of our peculiar kind of federal government; and this success has been so complete that because of its very completeness we now sometimes fail to appreciate not only the all-importance, but the tremendous difficulty, of the problem with which our nation was originally faced.

When our forefathers joined to call into being this nation, they undertook a task for which there was but little encouraging precedent. The development of civilization from the earliest period seemed to show the truth of two propositions: In the first place, it had always proved exceedingly difficult to secure both freedom and strength in any government; and, in the second place, it had always proved well-nigh impossible for a nation to expand without either breaking up or becoming a centralized tyranny.

The Grecian States performed remarkable feats of colonization, but each colony as soon as created became entirely independent of the mother State, and in after years was almost as apt to prove its enemy as its friend. Local self-government, local independence was secured, but only by the absolute sacrifice of anything resembling national unity. In consequence, the Greek world, for all its wonderful brilliancy and the extraordinary artistic, literary and philosophical development which has made all mankind its debtors for the ages, was yet wholly unable to withstand a formidable foreign foe, save spasmodically. As soon as powerful, permanent empires arose on its outskirts, the Greek States in the neighborhood of such empires fell under their sway. National power and greatness were completely sacrificed to local liberty.

With Rome the exact opposite occurred. The imperial city rose to absolute dominion over all the peoples of Italy, and then expanded her rule over the entire civilized world by a process which kept the nation strong and united, but gave no room

whatever for local liberty and self-government. All other cities and countries were subject to Rome. In consequence this great and masterful race of warriors, rulers, road-builders and administrators stamped their indelible impress upon all the after-life of our race, and yet let an over-centralization eat out the vitals of their empire until it became an empty shell; so that when the barbarians came they destroyed only what had already become worthless to the world.

The underlying viciousness of the type of expansion of both Greece and Rome was plain enough and the remedy now seems simple enough. But when the fathers of the Republic first formulated the Constitution under which we live, this remedy was untried, and no one could foretell how it would work. They themselves began the experiment almost immediately by adding new States to the original thirteen. Excellent people in the East viewed this initial expansion of the country with great alarm. Exactly as during the Colonial period many good people in the mother country thought it highly important that settlers should be kept out of the Ohio Valley in the interest of the fur companies, so after we had become a nation, many good people on the Atlantic coast felt grave apprehension lest they might somehow be hurt by the westward growth of the nation.

These good people shook their heads over the formation of States in the fertile Ohio Valley, which now forms part of the heart of our nation; and they declared that the destruction of the Republic had been accomplished when through the Louisiana Purchase we acquired nearly half of what is now that same Republic's present territory. Nor was their feeling unnatural. Only the adventurous and the far-seeing can be expected heartily to welcome the process of expansion, for the nation that expands is a nation which is entering upon a great career, and with greatness there must of necessity come perils which daunt all save the most stout-hearted.

We expanded by carving the wilderness into territories, and

out of these territories building new States when once they had received as permanent settlers a sufficient number of our own people. Being a practical nation, we have never tried to force on any section of our new territory an unsuitable form of government merely because it was suitable for another section under different conditions.

This process now seems to us part of the natural order of things, but it was wholly unknown until our own people devised it. It seems to us a mere matter of course, a matter of elementary right and justice, that in the deliberations of the national representative bodies the representatives of a State, which came into the Union but yesterday, stand on a footing of exact and entire equality with those of the Commonwealths whose sons once signed the Declaration of Independence. But this way of looking at the matter is purely modern, and in its origin purely American.

This, then, is the great historic significance of the movement of continental expansion in which the Louisiana Purchase was the most striking single achievement. It stands out in marked relief even among the feats of a nation of pioneers, a nation whose people have from the beginning been picked out by a process of natural selection from among the most enterprising individuals of the nations of western Europe. The acquisition of the territory is a credit to the broad and far-sighted statesmanship of the great statesmen to whom it was immediately due, and, above all, to the aggressive and masterful character of the hardy pioneer-folk to whose restless energy these statesmen gave expression and direction, whom they followed rather than led.

The old days were great because the men who lived in them had mighty qualities; and we must make the new days great by showing these same qualities. We must insist upon courage and resolution, upon hardihood, tenacity and fertility in resource; we must insist upon the strong, virile virtues; and we must insist no less upon the virtues of self-restraint, self-mastery, re-

gard for the rights of others; we must show our abhorrence of cruelty, brutality and corruption, in public and in private life alike. If we come short in any of these qualities we shall measurably fail; and if, as I believe we surely shall, we develop these qualities in the future to an even greater degree than in the past, then in the century now beginning we shall make of this Republic the freest and most orderly, the most just and most mighty, nation which has ever come forth from the womb of time.

MEANING OF THE TIMES.

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE.

[Address while United States Senator before Students of Yale University, January 17, 1908.]

THE meaning of the times is the organization of honesty. We are in a moral movement, not a political phase. Ours is a period of history, not a movement of passion. The Nation is writing into law for all men to obey those rules of fair dealing which, without any law, most men already obey.

It is said that we need no such statutes. But you Yale men who so often win in athletics, know that you can not leave the game to the mind, will or moral sense of any man or set of men. So you make rules of the game, which every man must obey. The purpose of these rules is order and fair play. A game won by fraud is not a victory, but a disgrace. These rules apply equally to all. Nobody can be above the rules of the game, no matter how strong or wise he is. If any man among you took the stand that he would play the game by his own notions, instead of by the rules which govern all the rest of you, you would apply those rules to him harder than to anybody else; or else you would not let him play at all.

This simple example shows how wrong it is to let exceptional men do big business in their own way regardless of law, instead of having common rules for making them do business in

everybody's way in obedience to law. It shows how necessary it is to make the extraordinary man do business by the same rules by which the ordinary man must do business. That, and only that, is what we started to do in the laws we have passed; what we will keep on doing until the work is finished.

This is the meaning of the times—a meaning that is simple and plain, just as the meaning of every historic movement has been simple and plain. All great things, all things that last, are simple and plain. The Bismarck period in Germany meant the unity of the German people; all other matters connected with it were mere incidents of the march and not the march itself. The Washington movement in America was mainly nationhood; everything had to give way to that, whether British or Hessian bayonets without, or local and selfish ideas within. The meaning of the Lincoln movement was mainly supremacy of the general will of all the people over the local will of some of the people—the never dying and ever-growing idea that we are one people with one flag, instead of many peoples with many flags; and as time goes on, all the problems of our Civil War, important as they appeared, are seen to be little when we look at them side by side with this overwhelming issue.

So all great movements have had a plain and simple meaning—a clear principle running straight through and explaining their every phase. And every one of these movements went on until its meaning was thoroughly worked out. All of them were resisted by the wrongs which those movements had come to make right. Able and wicked men who fattened on those evils resisted them with money, pen and sword; and even good men who saw with the eye of the hour instead of the eye of the future, grew weak and faint-hearted, and sometimes thought it better to endure the things which hurt the people than to suffer the pains that come with their cure.

For nothing wrong is ever made right without pain. There is no such thing as a comfortable reform. Suffering is the price of putting righteousness in the place of wrong. But it is worth

the price. Valley Forge was terrible, but the birth of the Republic was worth a thousand Valley Forges. Vicksburg and the Wilderness were fearful, but the unity of the American people was cheap at the cost of those red years, those storms of death, those fields of blood.

Throughout all these great movements for the betterment of man there were seasons of despair, and the despair of the good was strengthened by the courage of the bad. So in our Revolution we see Washington and his patriots surrounded within his own camp by scheme and plot to end the struggle; but Washington and his patriots kept straight on, and in the end they won. In Lincoln's day even pure and able men said of the seceding States, "Let the erring sisters go"; and a political party nominated for President a Union general upon a platform that "the war is a failure." Lincoln and those who thought that nothing could fail which was right, and nothing could win which was wrong, went straight on, and in the end they won.

So we see that our own movement to-day is just like every other similar movement throughout all history. It, too, is fought by the same kind of forces that fought the same kind of movements in the past. It, too, has its dark hour when those who have battled for it lose their nerve, and when those who oppose it come to the fight with fresh bravery and skill. It, too, has its plain and simple meaning—the organization of honesty; or the moral regeneration of American business. This is the clear light by which all the laws we have passed and intend to pass may be read easily, and by which future generations will behold and understand our times.

Each of these movements grew out of conditions, and so does ours. We have been busy with material things, making money, building railroads, sinking mines, occupying land; busy with trade and the development of resources. All this was good. But finally we became so busy with material things that we forgot ideal things; so busy with results that we forgot

methods. Development of resources too often became exploitations of resources; trade too often became trickery; government too often became graft; building industry too often became juggling with industry; the praiseworthy spirit of gain by fair methods too often gave way to the evil spirit of gain by any methods.

Men felled and sawed into lumber forests belonging to the Nation, and called it enterprise; men sold poisoned food and diseased meat to the people, and called it business; men watered stock, overcharged the people to make the stock pay dividends, and called it finance; men forced secret rebates from railroads, built prosperous plants upon the fraud, and called it industry; men bought the mastery of cities and states, got corrupt privileges and contracts, and called it government; men purchased high office, and called it career.

When we stopped the robbery of the Nation's forests the robbers called it paternalism; when we stopped the sale of poisoned food and diseased meats, the sellers called it socialism, when we are trying to stop stock-juggling, criminal rebates and the like, the jugglers call it a raid on prosperity; when we try to stop government by graft and politics by purchase, those who grow rich by graft or go to high places by purchase, call our work interference with private affairs in the one case, and assault upon respectability in the other case.

Yet such of these things as we have already done are now agreed to, and it is found that nobody is hurt but that everybody is helped by them. So we see that this movement is nothing but the people in action; the moral making of the Nation is catching up with the physical making of the Nation. The people's government is getting more into the people's hands.

Here and now, as everywhere and at all times, the people are winning and will completely win. But it is a hard fight. Every man is needed. If the Nation were at war, every one of us would gladly give his blood and life for it on the field of battle. But this is not enough; every one of us must give his time and

strength to the Nation in the field of politics. The man who will not do this does not deserve those rights which his indifference compels others to win for him. The young man who will not take part in the Nation's civil struggles for honesty and righteousness, is unworthy of his fathers, who gave not only their time and strength in the same struggle, but gave their blood and lives on war's red fields for the same great purpose.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

MARY PUTNAM JACOBI.

[Address before Suffrage Committee of the New York State Constitutional Convention in Albany Capitol, May 31, 1894.]

NEVER in the history of the world has a greater question been submitted to a deliberative body than that which we now pray you to consider. Other conventions, in this and other lands, have framed constitutions for a State—have laid down laws for a people, have enfranchised social classes—have even called entire nations into being. We ask you to consider that part of the State about which constitutions have been silent—to enfranchise a class so immense that it constitutes the full half of all social classes; to call into political existence a vital half of the nation, which hitherto, though personally, socially, and legally recognized, has been politically non-existent.

The enfranchisement of women in America would be the signal for the enfranchisement of women throughout the civilized world. Momentous as would be this change, and far reaching its consequences, it implies no sudden shock or overturning of established order, such as has attended political changes of far less importance and significance.

The tremendous influence of untrammeled liberty of thought in America has brought about not only an unrivaled degree of liberty for men, but a degree of personal liberty for women hitherto unparalleled. The tremendous activity of industrial

expansion has drawn women into the vortex of industrial life, so that they have become important and recognized factors in the wealth of the State.

A proper study of the facts of history shows that women have never been, as is sometimes asserted, a dependent class—that even when confined to household labors, their work has been of a character and importance as justly to demand recognition by the State as that of work carried on in the wholesale factories. In the great department of agricultural employments, constituting an entire fourth of all the industries, the wives of farmers bear a full share of the work of the farm.

When women, from choice or necessity, cross the threshhold of their homes and engage in distinctly non-domestic employments, no further illusion is possible as to their position. They have entered the ranks of industrial producers, have become independent contributors toward the wealth of the community, and are so recognized in the census. From this moment their distinct recognition as individuals by the State, as units in its body politic, entitled to an equal place with all other units discharging the same or equivalent functions, becomes an imperative necessity.

The pauper in the almshouse may vote; the lady who devotes herself to getting that almshouse made habitable may not. The tramp who begs cold victuals in the kitchen may vote; the heiress who feeds him and endows a university may not. Communities are agitated and legislatures convulsed to devise means to secure the right of suffrage to the illiterate voter. And the women writers, journalists, physicians, teachers—the wives and daughters and companions of the best educated men in the State, are left in silence, blotted out, swamped, obliterated behind this cloud of often besotted ignorance. To-day the immigrants pouring in through the open gates of our seaport towns, the Indian when settled in severalty, the negro hardly emancipated from the degradation of two hundred years of slavery, may all share in the sovereignty of the State. The white woman—the

American woman—the woman in whose veins runs the blood of those heroic colonists who founded our country, of those women who helped to sustain the courage of their husbands in the Revolution; the woman who may have given the flower of her youth and health in the service of our Civil War, this woman is excluded. To-day women constitute the only class of sane people excluded from the franchise, the only class deprived of political representation, except the tribal Indians and the Chinese.

We demand suffrage as a right, not in a metaphysical sense, but because we fulfil all the essential conditions which the State has proclaimed necessary to qualify for the electorate. We demand it, because to-day women are recognized by law and custom to be persons, and to possess intelligence entirely equal to the average intelligence of those who already exercise the suffrage. We demand it on no new principle, but on the double principle which runs through our institutions, namely, that all the intelligence in the State must be enlisted for its welfare, and that all the weakness in the community must be represented for its own defense. To the extent to which women resemble men, they require the same liberties; to the extent to which they differ, they require their own representation, and the State requires their special influence. Under the new regime of universal manhood suffrage, the State has become like a mining camp on the frontier. We claim that it should be recons ituted as a household, where, if man is at the head, for protection and defence, woman shall have her equal place, as mother, daughter, caretaker, administrator, conserver. We do not propose after all to change the existing sphere of women. Political status reflects and sanctions social changes; it cannot create them.

We are not here to seek privilege for a few, but equal opportunity for all. We are not here to demand the maximum responsibilities in the gift of the State, but only the minimum rights. If women engage to-day in a hundred pursuits outside their households, it is not the suffrage which is the cause of this, for they do not possess the suffrage. The same causes, indus-

trial and intellectual, which have led to a social expansion which is almost a revolution, will continue to operate; but the suffrage, while it will not weaken, can hardly intensify their influence. Woman will not be sent into a new place by possession of the ballot; like men, they will vote in the places where they already stand—in the mart, the factory, the place of business, but also in the schoolroom, the library, the hospital, and, far more often than all, in the household. If in capacity, taste, and opportunity women have in this half century approximated toward the capabilities of men, it is not in order to be men that they now desire to vote. It is because they are, and are fully satisfied to be, women.

AMERICAN HALL OF FAME.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.
[United States Senator.]

[Address at Dedication of New York University Hall of Fame, May 30, 1901.]

"VICTORY, or the Abbey!" was the cry with which Nelson began one of his great battles. It condensed into a sentence the ambition of the ages—to die for one's country, and find glory and immortality in the National Pantheon. The Scandinavian viking, whose dying vision saw revealed the Valhalla of his hero gods among whom he was to dwell eternally, departed under the same inspiring passion as the Iroquois chieftain singing his death song, surrounded by heaps of his slain enemies.

It is doubtful if in any period but ours the great statesman, writer, or artist ranked with the soldier. It is the distinction of our time that with advancing civilization we dedicate, beside the panel devoted to the warrior, equal honor in the Hall of Fame for authors and editors, rulers and statesmen, judges and lawyers, preachers and theologians, philanthropists, educators,

musicians, painters and sculptors, physicians and surgeons, missionaries and explorers.

The ringing out of the nineteenth century was accompanied by the shouting and hallelujahs over victories which had subdued the powers of the earth, the waters, and the air to the service of man, and an equally beneficent evolution in human rights. It was a happy thought which moved the donor of this Hall of Fame, in the midst of these rejoicings, to found a temple to enshrine the memorials of the architects of its triumph; the supreme intelligences whose labors and initiative have caused the nineteenth to stand out high, conspicuous, and unapproachable in its grandeur among the centuries.

The American who traces his ancestors to the British Isles and visits for the first time Westminster Abbey, as he wanders through its aisles and chapels experiences a singular sensation of awe and pride. But he is mortified and grieved to find among the memorials of the great who have given imperishable renown to our English-speaking people such a vast number of statues and monuments to phantom reputations of the past, who are forgotten nonentities of the present.

Such desecrations are made impossible here. The prohibition of the consideration of any one until ten years after his death removes the danger from the errors of contemporary passion or enthusiasm. The selection and number of the judges constitute a trained and impartial tribunal.

Counting the Colonial period from the first settlement down to the Declaration of Independence, the judges have found but one immortal, Jonathan Edwards, who fitly represents the foundations of our original ideas, education and empire.

If the viking could come from his Valhalla, the areopagite from beneath the temples at Athens, the arbiter elegantiæ from the ruins of Rome, the mediæval knight from his armor, Frederick from Potsdam, or Napoleon from the Invalides, to view these our heroes, they would have only contempt for our development of democracy. The inventor of the application of

steam to navigation, of the electric telegraph and of the cotton-gin, the artisans who were in their time and to their world the herd born to work for the luxuries of their masters, are here crowned with the fadeless laurels which encircle the brows of the conquerors and rulers of the world. Eli Whitney transformed half a continent from a wilderness to one of the most productive of territories; Fulton made possible transportation by water and land, and Morse added new strength to our Union by discoveries in electrical power, which, from his initiative, have enormously developed the resources of his country, and given opportunity and employment to his countrymen.

The dollar, or its eager pursuit, weighs down the wings of genius and prevents its flight to the lofty heights where congregate the Homers and Shakespeares, Miltons and Byrons, the Michael Angelos and the Raphaels and their peers. Our time does not produce their equals. Perhaps it is because our Michael Angelos are planning tunnels under rivers and through mountains for the connection of vast systems of railways, and our Raphaels are devising some novel method for the utilization of electrical power.

When this period of evolution is over, and nations and communities have become adjusted to normal conditions, the fever and the passion of the race for quick wealth and enormous riches will be over. Then the grove, the academy, and the study will again become tenanted with philosophers, poets, historians and interpreters of God in man. Unless this shall happen, let the luxuries and opportunities, evanescent earthly pleasures, and the disappearance after death which come from leadership in business, be the rewards of the successful; but reserve the Temple of Fame for those only whose deeds and thoughts are the inheritance, education, inspiration, and aspiration of endless generations.

It is difficult to define fame. Reputation is often mistaken for it. Fame lasts forever and grows brighter with the centuries; reputation sinks into oblivion with the temporary con-

ditions upon which it rests. Fame must not be confounded with notoriety, which may be connected with acts of eternal, but infamous memory as that of the fiend who killed President Garfield, or the egotist who fired the temple at Ephesus. Our Civil War was peculiarly distinguished for its many reputations which contemporaries believed enduring. But to-day has forgotten yesterday and treads on the heels of tomorrow, to be left behind in turn by its successors. Events of absorbing interest occupy the mind and imagination of the present, so that it must be illumined by a light other than its own to help it out of the darkness, or it does not recognize the past. Homer, Demosthenes, Socrates, and Praxiteles do this as we turn to Greece, and Cæsar and Horace for Rome, and for mediæval and modern Europe the names are less than a score.

Let the court meet here every decade and select for this Hall of Fame those who they believe deserve most of the Republic. Let there be gathered in the museum the precious relics, statues, and memorials of the elect. The ceremony with each repetition will enlist a larger interest and closer scrutiny of worth. It will make more difficult the task of the judges and more certain the permanence of their choice. It will cultivate the study and, with it, the emulation of greatness.

In the cemeteries of France graves are leased for periods of five, ten, twenty, or fifty years. As the terms of the lessees expire, the bones are dug up and dumped into the common receptacle to make room for newer tenants. So, in time, in this Hall of Fame winnowing will attend selection. Only the tenants who, by the judgment of posterity, hold their titles in perpetuity will remain, and they will have fame.

Of the twenty-nine already chosen, who will be left a thousand years hence? The rail-splitter who became President of the United States, emancipated the slaves, saved the Union, and in a speech of ten minutes at Gettysburg set a classic in the oratory of his country which condensed the philosophy and pathos of the Civil War, will be immortal as Abraham Lincoln.

There is one character here which has stood the test of time and grown brighter with the years. Washington has no predecessors, contemporaries, or successors. By the common judgment of mankind he is the noblest example of all countries and all ages of human excellence. If in our hundred and twenty-five years of national existence no other man had risen to the realms of fame, our country's contribution to the marvelous nineteenth century would be complete and supreme in George Washington.

GERMAN YOUTH.

KAISER WILHELM.

[Translated from the German. Speech delivered at the Commers given in the Emperor's honor at Bonn, Germany.]

THERE is no need to make special mention of or to dwell upon the feelings which stir my heart on finding myself once more in dear Bonn among its students. There unrolls before my mind's eye the splendid glittering picture, full of sunshine and happy contentment, which filled the period of my stay here. Joy in life, joy in the people, old and young, and, above all, joy in the young German Empire then just gathering strength. The lovely town of Bonn is accustomed to the doings of buoyant youths and is, as it were, created by nature for them.

Bonn lies on the Rhine. There grow our vines, there every old castle and town speaks of the past. Father Rhine, with his enchantment, must have his influence upon you. And when the goblet gayly passes and the merry song resounds, then must your spirit rejoice, full of the happy moment, and rise in it as befits buoyant German youths. Yet may the source from which you draw your joy be sweet and pure as the golden sap of the vine and as deep and enduring as Father Rhine. If we look around in the delightful Rhineland there rises before us our history in tangible form. Yes, you must rejoice that you are young Germans as you traverse the country from Aix-la-

Chapelle to Mayence—that is, from Charlemagne to Germany's time of splendor under Barbarossa. But why did all that splendor come to naught? Because the old empire was not founded on a strong national basis. The universal idea of the old Roman kingdom did not allow the German nation development, in a German national sense. The essential of any nation is a demarcation outwardly corresponding to the personality of a people and its racial peculiarity. Therefore, Barbarossa's splendor had to fade and the existence of the old empire to cease, because it was hindered by its universalism in the process of crystallization into a nation—that is, into a nation as a whole, for smaller kernels became crystallized in the form of strong principalities and furnished the groundwork for a new structure of states. But, unfortunately, as the result of this, they and their chiefs were bound to come into conflict with the emperor and the empire, who were the slaves of universalism, and internal peace was lost to the ever-weakening empire.

Unfortunately, above this phase in the development of our German people must be written the portentous words of Tacitus, who knew Germania so well—*propter invidiam.* The princes envied the emperors their power as they once did Arminius in spite of his victory. The nobility envied the towns which had become rich, and the peasantry envied the nobility. What unhappy results; what great evil has our dear, beautiful Germany suffered *propter invidiam*! The banks of Father Rhine can tell something of that. Now, what did not then succeed, God gave to some one to accomplish. Aix-la-Chapelle and Mayence are to us historical remembrances, but the longing to be welded together into one nation remained in the German bosom and Emperor William the Great accomplished it in the confederation of his loyal servants. Then turn your eyes to Coblenz on the German corner, to Rudesheim, and the Niederwald. The pictures teach, prove to you, that you are now Germans in a German land, citizens of a strongly defined German nation, to labor for whose welfare and development

in the future you are all here to be trained. Splendidly grown and developed the empire now stands before you. May joy and grateful delight fill you, and may a firm, manly resolve as Germans to work for Germania, to raise, strengthen, and uphold her keep your hearts aglow.

The future awaits you and will need your strength, but not simply to squander it in cosmopolitan dreams or in the service of one-sided party tendencies, but to foster the stability of national thought and our ideals which the German race, by God's grace, has been permitted to bring forth from Boniface and Walther von der Vogelweide to Goethe and Schiller. They have become a light and blessing to all mankind. We need them now more than then. May you all strive to become such. But how shall that be possible? Who shall help you to do so? Only one Whose name we all bear, Who has borne our sins and washed them away, Who died for us, Who lived for our example, and worked as we should work. May our Lord and Saviour plant in you moral earnestness that your impulses may be ever pure and your aims ever sublime. Then you will be armed against temptations of all kinds, and above all against vanity and envy.

WASHINGTON: THE IDEAL AMERICAN.

NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.

[Successor in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, to Henry Ward Beecher and Lyman Abbott.]

[Sermon preached in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, December 10, 1899, on 100th anniversary of death of George Washington.]

THE history of each city or nation begins with a hero. The great man is the dymanic of society. For progress is inspirational, not mechanical. The scientist traces each Nile or Amazon back to a spring in which each river has its rise. Not otherwise must each tool be traced back to its inventor, each

law to its legislator, each victory to some general, while our achievements for liberty begin with some reformer, hero, or statesman. It is not by chance, therefore, that history makes law and government to begin with Moses; Athens to take its rise in the mind of Cecrops, and Thebes in the wisdom of Cadmus. At the very beginning of the career of each nation stands a great man, into whose single personality God hath compacted all those qualities for which He would have the nation stand. In exhibiting the beginnings of our institutions, history reveals a group of statesmen clustered about one central figure whom all delight to honor and whom all count the defender of his country's liberty.

The year which witnessed the inauguration of Washington was a proud year for mankind. In those days giants were in the land, and each day was signalized by some mighty deed. By acclamation, wise men will vote the year 1789 *annus mirabilis* in all modern history. In July that citadel of despotism, the Bastile, fell, and in a burst of enthusiasm Fox exclaimed: "How much is this the greatest event in the history of the world, and how much the best!" Everywhere men thrilled with joy at the dawn of constitutional liberty for France and Europe. In that year also Pitt sent for the philanthropist, William Wilberforce, and encouraged him to bring in again his bill abolishing the slave traffic throughout the English colonies. Seven years before, Pitt and Burke had succeeded in passing their bills for Parliamentary and economic reform, but it was not until 1789 that these reforms were made effective in diminishing the power of the throne and making the House of Commons representative of, and responsible to, the people of England. This was the age of heroes and giants; the era of Pitt the statesman, and Burke the philosopher; of Fox and Sheridan the orators; of Hastings and Clive, the architects of India; the era of Mozart and Burns; the era of Lafayette and Lamartine; of Franklin and Hamilton; of Adams and Jefferson. But among all these stirring events, and among

all these names of statesmen and soldiers, of poets, inventors, and philosophers, no event is more memorable than the selection to the Presidency of this country of a modest country gentleman from Virginia, and no name more glorious than the name of our first President, who was indeed general, statesman, and patriot, and also the Father of his Country.

Time dims reputation, the years eclipse human greatness, and often a single century avails to transform the man of oak and rock into a vague and unsubstantial myth. To-day's events and leaders rob us of the inspiration of the leaders of yesterday. Our admiration will be the keener for knowing that in his own time enemies and friends alike gave our Washington such meed of praise as is accorded to few.

No general is expected to be so great as that he may safely leave his name and fame to the enemies whom he has defeated. But this general, in conquering the armies of England, compelled the admiration of those whom he had defeated.

Cynics and sons of envy and jealousy sometimes assert that Washington represents a gentle myth, an idealized personage, too good to have been great. Time, it is said, has clothed him with his best qualities, and when these are stripped away, only "a steel engraving" is left. But he who patiently reads the story of the beginnings of our government and observes who brought law and order out of the chaos, will find the figure of Washington becoming so collossal as to fill the eye and satisfy the reason. When the victory of Yorktown was announced, Patrick Henry exclaimed: "I am no longer a Virginian, I am an American!" Outwardly one at heart, the Colonies were discordant, belligerent, divided. The union was not through mutual interest, confidence, and love, a union from within; but fear of danger from without drove the States together. After peace had been concluded with England, slowly it dawned upon the Colonies that they were still exposed to two great dangers; along the north and west was the frontier-line guarded by the forts of a foreign government; along the south and west were the

frontier-lines of Spain, with her fortresses and defences. Threatened by such dangers from without, the Colonies felt that it was unite or die. The old confederacy seemed like a rude tent put up in time of war and fitted for conflict, but peace, commerce, and national growth called for a new structure suited for national offense and defense.

When the vote upon the Constitution came to be taken, sixteen of the delegates withdrew, while others remained to prophesy civil war or foretell tyranny and despotism. In the darkest moment it was Washington who left the President's chair and became a prophet of good tidings. He was the first to sign the Constitution. Then Franklin, now old and weary with the weight of years, affixed his name. Speaking of a canvas behind the President's chair, Franklin pointed to the picture of the sun struggling in the clouds. "I have," said he, "often and often in the course of the session, and the solitude of my hopes and fears as to its issue, looked at that sun behind the President, without being able to tell whether it was rising or setting. But now, at length, I know that it is a rising, and not a setting sun." Then, having formulated the Constitution, the members went forth to villages and towns, rent and torn with discussion regarding its adoption. The fury of party strife raged throughout the land. Hamilton was stoned in the streets; Jay was hanged in effigy; Adams scorned for his opposition to the Constitution; England gave the new Republic five years before a revolution. But, amid all the din, strife, and confusion, there was one figure that stood forth as firm as a mountain, one name that was a charmed name for all the people. "There is but one character which keeps them in awe," said Randolph.

If from the vantage-ground of the present we survey the duties and difficulties that devolved upon Washington, we shall return from the outlook with the conviction that greater task was never laid upon the shoulders of statesman or ruler. Remembering that the provinces of France are compact, that the most distant city is not far from the central capital, and

that France failed in her attempt to found a republic, while the provinces of America represent a frontage lying along the shores of an ocean fifteen hundred miles in length, and that America succeeded where France failed, Edward Everett exclaimed: "Washington caused an Atlantis to rise from the ocean!"

No estimate of the character of Washington is adequate that fails to consider how rude and raw were the populations to be welded together into a nation. Time, events, and intermarriage have now broken down the barriers between the races and made us comparatively one people; but, in those far-off days, men represented a great divergency of blood, education, politics, and religion. It must not be forgotten that several of the States were settled not by colonists, but by adventurers.

In such an age political ignorance was dense, class hatred bitter, the prejudices between races unyielding. The Southern colonies were in constant strife with New England; New York and Pennsylvania fought bitterly for the balance of power. Between 1780 and 1797 not less than eight different attempts were made to disrupt the allegiance between the States. Chancellor Livingston foretold a war because the new Constitution was too weak. William Wirt anticipated disaster because the enmities between the leaders were so bitter. John Adams appealed from the baseness of the politicians of his day to the patriotism of another century. But in the midst of all the storm Washington stood a tower of strength, unmoved and immovable. In the darkest hour he could always find some rift in the clouds through which he saw the dawn of a new day that should bring a larger liberty and a surer law. A thousand times he assaulted the doubts of the skeptical. Daily he stood between opponents and found a middle ground of reconcilation. Slowly he curbed the fury of party strife, introduced patriotism into politics, disinterestedness into State councils, honesty into the government—seeking ever equal privileges for the poor and rich, low and high. He ever stood like

a wall of "triple brass against the mighty blows of violence and the fatal dry-rot of fraud." What Lafayette failed to do for France, Washington achieved for America. Well hath he been called one of the architects of civilization. Happy the hero who achieved such fame for himself, so great happiness for his land! And happy this generation that hath the wisdom to appreciate his service, to revere his memory, to venerate his character.

PROHIBITION KEYNOTE.

JOHN G. WOOLLEY.

THE great issue in this country is not the prohibition of the liquor traffic, but the political infidelity that underwrites the liquor traffic at so much a quarter of a year. It is nothing less than this, the nomination and the election by the votes of a free people, of a simple, certain, eternal, spiritual standard in the politics of the great Republic, in lieu of the mixed, variable, temporary, fleshly, beastly atheism of this present time.

For the introduction and the inculcation of a high, new spiritual ideal in the government three things are necessary: First, a group of good citizens already inspired by the idea; secondly, a party organization, or otherwise a sentimental condenser, and, thirdly, an issue which embodies the idea. The men need not be of the great, but they must be moral Casabiancas, who cannot be made to stir by fear or fire or friendship until the right voice be heard, and who are ready to stand or fall for the idea, no matter how long its complete fruition may be delayed.

We come now to the frontier of practical politics. The first thing we meet is the Republican party, the Pluto of the political Olympus. It has put on the whole armor of the world, the flesh and the grave-yard; it has girded its loins with the liquor traffic; it has on the breast-plate of commercialism; its feet are shod with the preparation for the hell of war; it has taken the shield of prosperity with which it has been able, and still hopes,

to quench all the fiery resolutions of the church. It wears the helmet of the trusts and the sword of the spoils system. The first and last condition of membership in it is individual immorality. A man who would serve it or be served by it, must be ready to be collared and tagged and muzzled and smothered like a dog in dog days; he must be willing to be concluded intellectually and morally, by "the least of two evils;" he must be willing to walk in the counsel of the ungodly, stand in the way of sinners and sit in the seat of the scornful; he must be willing to deny the honor of his church and repudiate his own Christian profession; he must be ready to be a partaker of other men's crimes; he must be ready to take the price of a bawd for a boy; he must be willing to justify the wicked for a reward.

The Democratic party to all intents and purposes is just a rear elevation of the same thing. The Populist party and the Socialist Party are more or less sublimated forms of materialism, which would abolish the long, hard, necessary pick-and-shovel business of evolution and build a better order, from the roof down.

I accuse neither one of them of being dishonest, not at all; they are every one of them honest enough, but according to standards that are not high enough. One of them is true to capital, the other is true to the proletariat; one of them says: "Let us make money! Though we destroy men's bodies and damn their souls, though we debauch women, though we poison little children and make them beggars and paupers and vagrants and criminals, let us make money!" And the others say: "Let us *all* make money!" But the fundamental spirit of this government says: "Let us make men."

Since high Christian ideals cannot be erected in politics, in the abstract, we must have an issue. It must be a practical question with honor on one side, and dishonor on the other side, and a sharp line between the two. Common law and common sense agree to that, to prevent mistrials, misunderstandings and delays. Conscience is an imperfect thing, as yet, and

easy to be deflec ed from the main line; the issue must be kept simple and certain and single. It must be plainly grounded on religion, for greater certainty and greater simplicity, and for the additional reason that no non-suit is possible in such a case. A religious question is never disposed of until final judgment is entered at the court of last resort.

The Republican party says: "You shall not debauch the currency." The Democratic party says: "You shall not diminish the currency," and the Prohibition party says: "You shall not sell the conscience of a *man*."

Where are the men on whom we may depend? In the Prohibition party. Where else? Nowhere else. I take that back; they are *coming* to the Prohibition party, from the Republican party and the Democratic and the Socialist and the Populist parties—they are *coming,* honest men driven to us by conscience, who come not for money, nor for expansion, nor for trusts, nor for anything but the *honor of the church of Jesus Christ.*

OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG.

JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES.

LET me salute the colors that surround me—the flag of our fathers—the flag of the Union, and now, please God, our flag forever. I do not forget here that dear old flag of tender memories consecrated in heroic convictions and furled forever over an issue never to be reopened.

But the last happy duty of this happy hour is to lift my head and my heart and my hand in loyalty to the standard that carries all the glory of the present and all the hope and promise of the future. It is the symbol of liberty, and wherever it streams men see day-break bursting on the world. "Not another flag in history," says a great American, "has such an errand or goes forth to carry such tidings on land and sea." The stars upon it are to the pining nations like the stars of God, and the

stripes are beams of morning light. Wherever this flag flies and men behold it, they see in its sacred emblazonry no ramping lion, no shrieking eagle, no embattled castles, no signals of despotism, no insignia of imperial authority.

It is the banner of dawn. It is the flag of the morning, the emblem of peace, the signal of liberty, the unbought, unshamed, unconquered, glorious, over-all-victorious, star-spangled flag of the free. And as we behold it streaming now—we who are veterans, and the sons of veterans—we who lost the cause that rose without shame and fell without dishonor—with the blood pulsing in veins unclotted by a single bitter memory, we may take it to our hearts and lift it above our heads, and thank God that it waves at last above a reunited country, with its white stripe of peace and its red stripe of kindred and the azure radiant with stars which speak the Providence that makes us—now and forever—one people in this great Republic of the free.

TEST OF THE AMERICAN NEGRO.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.
[Principal Tuskegee (Alabama) Normal and Industrial Institute for the Colored Race.]

ON an important occasion in the life of the Master, when it fell to Him to pronounce judgment on two courses of action, these words fell from His lips: "And Mary hath chosen the better part." This was the supreme test in the case of an individual. It is the highest test in the case of a race or nation. Let us apply this test to the American negro.

In the life of our Republic, when he has had the opportunity to choose, has it been the better or worse part? When in the childhood of this nation the negro was asked to submit to slavery or choose death and extinction, as did the aborigines, he chose the better part, that which perpetuated the race.

When in 1776 the negro was asked to decide between British

oppression and American independence, we find him choosing the better part, and Crispus Attucks, a negro, was the first to shed his blood on State Street, Boston, that the white American might enjoy liberty forever, though his race remained in slavery.

When in 1814 at New Orleans the test of patriotism came again, we find the negro choosing the better part, and Gen. Andrew Jackson himself testifying that no heart was more loyal and no arm more strong and useful in defence of righteousness.

When the long and memorable struggle came between union and separation, when he knew that victory on the one hand meant freedom, and defeat on the other his continued enslavement, with a full knowledge of the portentous meaning of it all, when the suggestion and the temptation came to burn the home and massacre wife and children during the absence of the master in battle, and thus insure his liberty, we find him choosing the better part, and for four long years protecting and supporting the helpless, defenceless ones entrusted to his care.

When in 1863 the cause of the Union seemed to quiver in the balance, and there was doubt and distrust, the negro was asked to come to the rescue in arms, and the valor displayed at Fort Wagner and Port Hudson and Fort Pillow, testify most eloquently again that the negro chose the better part.

When the safety and honor of the Republic were threatened by a Spanish foe, when the wail and anguish of the oppressed from a distant isle reached his ears, we find the negro forgetting his own wrongs, forgetting the laws and customs that discriminate against him in his own country, and again we find our black citizen choosing the better part. And if you would know how he deported himself in the field at Santiago, apply for answer to Shafter and Roosevelt and Wheeler. Let them tell how the negro faced death and laid down his life in defence of honor and humanity, and when you have got'en the full story of the heroic conduct of the negro in the Spanish-American war—

heard it from the lips of Northern soldiers and Southern soldiers, from ex-abolitionist and ex-master, then decide within yourselves whether a race that is thus willing to die for its country should not be given the highest opportunity to live for its country.

In the midst of all the complaints of suffering in the camp and field, suffering from fever and hunger, where is the official or citizen that has heard a word of complaint from the lips of a black soldier? The only request that has come from the negro soldier has been that he might be permitted to replace the white soldier when heat and malaria began to decimate the ranks of the white regiment, and to occupy at the same time the post of greatest danger.

This country has been most fortunate in her victories. She has twice measured arms with England and has won. She has met the spirit of rebellion within her borders and was victorious. She has met the proud Spaniard and he lies prostrate at her feet. All this is well, it is magnificent. But there remains one other victory for Americans to win—a victory as far-reaching and important as any that has occupied our army and navy. We have succeeded in every conflict, except the effort to conquer ourselves in the blotting out of racial prejudices. We can celebrate the era of peace in no more effectual way than by a firm resolve on the part of Northern men and Southern men, black men and white men, that the trenches which we together dug around Santiago shall be the eternal burial place of all that which separates us in our business and civil relations. Let us be as generous in peace as we have been brave in battle. Until we thus conquer ourselves, I make no empty statement when I say that we shall have, especially in the Southern part of our country, a cancer gnawing at the heart of the Republic, that shall one day prove as dangerous as an attack from an army without or within.

You know us; you are not afraid of us. When the crucial test comes, you are not ashamed of us. We have never betrayed or deceived you. You know that as it has been, so it

will be. Whether in war or in peace, whether in slavery or in freedom, we have always been loyal to the Stars and Stripes.

TO THE SOLDIERS.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

[Address while President to the Soldiers returned from the Spanish-American War at Camp Wikoff, September 3, 1898.]

SOLDIERS, I am glad to meet you. I am honored to meet the brave men who stand before me to-day. I bring you the gratitude of the nation, to whose history you have added by your valor a new and glorious page. You have come home after two months of severe campaigning, which has embraced assault and siege and battle—so brilliant in achievement, so far-reaching in results, as to earn the unstinted praise of all your countrymen. You had the brunt of the battle on land, you bore yourselves with supreme courage, and your personal bravery, never before excelled anywhere, has won the admiration of your fellow-citizens and the genuine respect of all mankind; while the endurance of the soldier under peculiar trial and suffering has given added meaning to American heroism. Your victories made easy the conquest of Porto Rico under the resistless army commanded by Major-Gen. Miles, and behind you, to proceed at a moment's summons were more than 200,000 of your comrades, ready to support you, disappointed that the opportunity which you had did not come to them, but yet filled with pride at your well-earned fame, and rejoicing with you over your signal victories. You were in the line of battle; they no less than you were in the line of duty. All have served their country in its hour of need, all will serve it so long as they may be required, and all will forever have the thanks and regard of a grateful people. We cannot bid you welcome here to-day without our hearts going out to the heroes of Manila on sea and on land, whose services and sacrifices, whose courage and constancy

in that far-distant field of operations, have never been surpassed by any soldiers or sailors the world over. To the army and navy, to the marines, to the regulars, to the volunteers and to that Providence which has watched over them all, the nation to-day is full of thanksgiving and praise. The brave officers and men, who fell in battle and those who have died from exposure and sickness, will live in immortal story, and their memories will be perpetuated in the hearts and the history of a generous people; and those who were dependent upon them will not be neglected by the Government for which they so freely sacrificed their lives.

NAPOLEON AND O'CONNELL.

CANON P. A. SHEEHAN.

NAPOLEON'S entry into Dusseldorf was a triumphal march, surrounded by all the pomp and splendor of military display, yet it was calm and serene as the face colored and chiseled like that of a Greek statue, or the little hand that toyed with the bridle of his richly caparisoned horse. But beneath that serenity, one could easily hear the drums and tramplings of three conquests,—the crash of artillery, the thunder of cavalry, the destruction of cities, the death-cries of two millions of men, the rumble of ammunition-tumbrils as they tore over the dead and wounded, and you could hear their mutilated carcases crack beneath the wagon-wheels that bore the thunderbolts of the little god. Yes! all was here serene on the calm streets of the German city; but every one, even to the boy-bugler, or the drunken dragoon who shouted his *Ave, Imperator!* knew that this little god was Apollyon, the destroyer. How different the enthusiasm and acclamation that hailed the Liberator in the Irish city by the Lee! He comes to save, but not to destroy; to rescue, not to capture; to open the prisons, not to fill them; nay, to bring back the dead from the grave, and to restore them to

their friends. And his very presence, apart from his ministrations of mercy, is an assurance that all will be right. The might of England is against them; the judges are plainly prejudiced; most of the juries are packed; the Crown Advocate, with his gentlemanly presence and aristocratic airs, is bent on driving that large batch of peasant-farmers into the hollows of premature graves.

The people struck on the only title that was commensurate with O'Connell's great service to them, and in a far-off echo of that name which haunted the brains of kings and prophets for four thousand years, saluted their champion with the ever memorable title, *Ave, Liberator!*

LINCOLN.

LEWIS B. BATES.

GEORGE WASHINGTON led the way for independence in the days of our nation's first great struggle, and he will live forever in the hearts of all those who love liberty. Abraham Lincoln led the way in the awful days of civil strife, and when one wonderful day he wrote his name on the Emancipation Proclamation, he wrote his name, too, on the heart of the human race. He took the shackles from four million human beings, and turned those shackles into bands of steel to bind unto himself the hearts of all true Americans. The names of Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, and William Lloyd Garrison thrill our hearts when we celebrate the anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln; but, great as are these names, we realize that these men were only as John the Baptists to the mighty Lincoln who followed them.

What is there about the character of this one man that today places him in so unique a position in American history? The first thing is his wonderful simplicity. In spirit he was always the little child seeking Divine wisdom. Of humble origin,

even at the beginning of his political career, with twenty-five cents in his pocket, he was rich in character because he had already "overcome so much." He himself once said, "No man is poor who has had a godly mother, and who has faith in God and faith in humanity."

The honesty of Lincoln was another great element in his character. In private life, in his profession, in his public life, in the administration of the nation's affairs in the dark hour of its history, he was so perfectly true that at his death not one spot of dishonesty could be found upon him! What a lesson for the American Nation of to-day! We are told that the pure in heart shall see God. Abraham Lincoln once said: "This is my creed: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, mind, soul and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself.' I am in full fellowship with all who keep His commandments, in spirit and truth." In private and in public life the purity of his character was above reproach.

Abraham Lincoln was simple in his greatness, honest and pure in motive, but above all else he showed his genius in his power of consecration. A great purpose in life will make even an ordinary life great,—to a life like Lincoln's it gave immortality. From the day when as a young man he first saw in a Southern city men and women sold at auction as slaves, he became possessed of a great purpose, and that purpose was to help humanity. He said then, "If God gives me a chance, I will strike slavery, and I will strike it hard!" God's hour came, and Abraham Lincoln gave a blow whose echoes have been heard for over forty years.

To-day, throughout the schools of our land, the boys and girls are repeating a simple little piece of prose, so simple that the heart of a child is thrilled as he listens, so eloquent that it is known to the world as the American masterpiece. It is Lincoln's "Address at Gettysburg." In the days of Thermopylæ, even to three hundred years after its famous battle, the children were required to recite in its honor the names of all its par-

ticipants. In America instinctively on the 12th of February, the nation arises and together utters forth in glorious voice: "It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated to the unfinished work . . . that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

We rejoice to-day in the thought of the heavenly crowning of Abraham Lincoln. It is not often given to man to be crowned on earth, but there was one moment in the life of Lincoln when the most perfect tribute ever given to man was awarded to him. It was the tribute of perfect silence which greeted him on the close of this speech. In his humility, for days after he felt his speech was a failure, and could never be made to realize that this two-minute speech, written hurriedly and weariedly, had been called great by a world.

Abraham Lincoln, the great white soul of America, what more shall I say of you? When you were living at your greatest, you yourself once said to a friend, "After all, the one meaning of life is simply to be kind. I have tried to be. I have not done much, but this much I have done,—wherever I have found a thistle growing, I have tried to pluck it up, and in its place I have planted a flower!" And so to-day we would bring forth our tribute to your greatness, to your goodness; and, as we thank God for your life, resolve that we too will endeavor to change our nation's great moral thorns into flowers, believing that He who has made the desert to blossom as a rose, will ever aid us in this great work.

Gesture must always precede speech. In fact, speech is reflected expression. Speech must come after gesture, which is parallel with the impression received. Nature incites a movement, speech names this movement. Speech is only the title, the label of what gesture has anticipated. Speech comes only to confirm what the audience already comprehend. Gesture asks the question, "What?" and speech answers. Gesture after the answer would be absurd.—*Delsarte.*

MAN OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.

CLARENCE A. MILLER.

THE unemployed are found in places where machinery is in use, and where machinery is not in use; where gold is money, where silver is money, and where paper is money; where there is free trade, and where there is protection; where government is honest, and where government is corrupt; under monarchies and under republics. Neither the question of machinery, nor the question of money, nor the question of good government, can solve the question of the unemployed. The most significant figure of our times is the man out of employment. Yesterday he was regarded—so far as regarded at all—with alternating contempt and pity; to-day he is recognized with concern; but to-morrow he may be regarded with terror. On your way home, some of you will see, coming out from the shadow of an alley or a building, a man, abject and unkempt. He will not venture to stop you; he will walk along with you and in subdued tones and cringing air, ask you for the price of a night's cheap lodging or a cheap supper. Who is he? The man out of employment. You have seen him before. He has called at your office. He has been seen at your kitchen door. You have seen him in crowds before the bulletin in employment offices. You have seen him in the crowd streaming all day long into some factory or office which has advertised "Help wanted." You have seen him wistfully watching more fortunate men than himself, who were at work on some building or excavation. You have seen him on the country roadside. You have seen him crawling from the trucks of a railway train. He is known to fame. You can read of him in the newspapers, where he appears in the column of crimes or in the column of suicides. This is the day of "labor problems," and on every such problem there falls the dark shadow of the man out of employment.

Who is it that is feared by the strikers? Not the railway

magnates, nor the courts, nor the injunctions, nor the troops, but the man out of employment. Who breaks the strike? The man out of employment. Who compels organized laborers to stand together, shoulder to shoulder? Not the labor agitator, nor the walking delegate, but the man out of employment.

Protean in shape, the man out of employment is here a tramp, there a hero; here spiritless, there proud; here revengeful, there patient; here a mendicant, there a martyr. The man out of employment is the constant menace to our civilization. To-day the army of the unemployed lurks in the rear. To-morrow it may be at the front, barring the way, more terrible than an army with banners. I repeat, the most significant figure of our times is the man out of employment.

GRANT'S PLACE IN HISTORY.

IN our admiration for the manhood of General Grant—gentle, simple, truthful, yet so strong in every virtue—we are almost jealous of the goddess of fame, who claims him to adorn her temple.

Across the water comes the voice of the Frenchman, saying: "Place his name next that of Napoleon, who was greater than Cæsar."

"No," says the Englishman, "put it with Wellington's, who conquered Napoleon."

"No," says the Prussian, his place is next to Frederick's, who resisted a larger combination than ever assailed the French emperor, and laid the foundations upon which the German empire stands."

"No," says the Russian, "our Peter was the greatest; his empire is the widest, the firmest, and we gave you the strong hand of sympathy through all your struggle. Peter the Great, Grant the Great, are the names to stand side by side on the walls of the temple of fame."

"No," says the Hollander, "back through the centuries was

one who was the genius of resistance to oppression, one who laid the foundations of modern liberty; such only is worthy of association with Grant. William the Silent, Grant the Silent, must stand side by side and the highest."

"Not so," says the Jewish rabbi, "you must go back not only through ages and centuries, but through cycles of time that have witnessed the rise and fall of the empires—back to the period when the warrior leader and statesman of Israel removed the yoke of slavery from three millions of his countrymen, even as your great captain removed the like yoke from three millions of another race. The name of Grant is worthy to follow that of our own Moses."

The American, prouder of the name than a subject of the Cæsars to be a Roman, with blushing appreciation replies:

"We are grateful for the honor and the place you accord our dead yet living citizen, but we have a temple not made with hands, worthier, holier, more enduring, than your temple of fame, whereon the name of Grant is already engraved in love as well as honor, even with those of Washington and Lincoln, in the hearts of his countrymen."

CROSS OF GOLD.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

[Speech delivered in Chicago before 1896 Democratic National Convention.]

I WOULD be presumptuous, indeed, to present myself against the distinguished gentlemen to whom you have listened if this were a mere measuring of abilities; but this is not a contest between persons. The humblest citizen in all the land, when clad in the armor of a righteous cause, is stronger than all the hosts of error. I come to speak to you in defense of a cause as holy as the cause of liberty—the cause of humanity.

We object to bringing this question down to the level of persons. The individual is but an atom; he is born, he acts, he dies; but principles are eternal; and this has been a contest over a principle.

When you come before us and tell us that we are about to disturb your business interests, we reply that you have disturbed our business interests by your course. We say to you that you have made the definition of a business man too limited in its application. The man who is employed for wages is as much a business man as his employer; the attorney in a country town is as much a business man as the corporation counsel in a great metropolis; the merchant at the cross-roads store is as much a business man as the merchant of New York; the farmer who goes forth in the morning and toils all day, who begins in Spring and toils all Summer, and who by the application of brain and muscle to the natural resources of the country creates wealth, is as much a business man as the man who goes upon the Board of Trade and bets upon the price of grain; the miners who go down a thousand feet into the earth, or climb two thousand feet upon the cliffs, and bring forth from their hiding-places the precious metals to be poured into the channels of trade, are as much business men as the few financial magnates who, in a back room, corner the money of the world.

Ah, my friends, we say not one word against those who live upon the Atlantic coast, but the hardy pioneers who have braved all the dangers of the wilderness, who have made the desert to blossom as the rose—the pioneers away out there, who rear their children near to nature's heart, where they can mingle their voices with the voices of the birds—out there where they have erected schoolhouses for the education of their young, churches where they praise their Creator, and cemeteries where rest the ashes of their dead—these people, we say, are as deserving of the consideration of our party as any people in this country. It is for these that we speak. We do not come as aggressors. Our war is not a war of conquest; we are fighting in the defense

of our homes, our families, and posterity. We have petitioned, and our petitions have been scorned; we have entreated, and our entreaties have been disregarded; we have begged, and they have mocked when our calamity came. We beg no longer; we entreat no more; we petition no more. We defy them!

We say in our platform that we believe that the right to coin and issue money is a function of government. We believe it. We believe that it is a part of sovereignty, and can no more with safety be delegated to private individuals than we could afford to delegate to private individuals the power to make penal statutes or levy taxes. Those who are opposed to this proposition tell us that the issue of paper money is a function of the bank, and that the government ought to go out of the banking business. I stand with Jefferson rather than with them, and tell them, as he did, that the issue of money is a function of government, and that the banks ought to go out of the governing business.

We go forth confident that we shall win. Why? Because upon the paramount issue of this campaign there is not a spot of ground upon which the enemy will dare to challenge battle. If they tell us that the gold standard is a good thing, we shall point to their platform and tell them their platform pledges the party to get rid of the gold standard and substitute bimetallism. If the gold standard is a good thing, why try to get rid of it? If the gold standard is a bad thing, why should we wait until other nations are willing to help let go? Here is the line of battle, and we care not upon which issue they force the fight; we are prepared to meet them on either issue or on both. If they tell us that the gold standard is the standard of civilization, we reply to them that this, the most enlightened of all the nations of the earth, has never declared for a gold standard and that both the great parties this year are declaring against it. If the gold standard is the standard of civilization, why should we not have it? If they come to meet us on that issue, we can present the history of our nation.

More than that; we can tell them that they will search the

pages of history in vain to find a single instance where the common people of any land have ever declared themselves in favor of the gold standard. They can find where the holders of fixed investments have declared for a gold standard, but not where the masses have. There are two ideas of government. There are those who believe that, if you will only legislate to make the well-to-do prosperous, their prosperity will leak through on those below. The Democratic idea, however, has been that if you legislate to make the masses prosperous, their prosperity will find its way up through every class which rests upon them. You come to us and tell us that the great cities are in favor of the gold standard; we reply that the great cities rest upon our broad and fertile prairies. Burn down your cities and leave our farms, and your cities will spring up again as if by magic; but destroy our farms and the grass will grow in the streets of every city in the country.

My friends, we declare that this nation is able to legislate for its own people on every question, without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation on earth; and upon that issue we expect to carry every State in the Union. I shall not slander the inhabitants of the fair State of Massachusetts nor the inhabitants of the State of New York by saying that, when they are confronted with this proposition, they will declare that this nation is not able to attend to its own business. It is the issue of 1776 over again. Our ancestors, when but three millions in number, had the courage to declare their political independence of every other nation; shall we, their descendants, when we have grown to seventy millions, declare that we are less independent than our forefathers?

No, my friends, that will never be the verdict of our people. Therefore, we care not upon what lines the battle is fought. If they say bimetallism is good, but that we cannot have it until other nations help us, we reply that, instead of having a gold standard because England has, we will restore bimetallism, and then let England have bimetallism because the United States

has it. If they dare to come out in the open field and defend the gold standard as a good thing, we will fight them to the uttermost. Having behind us the producing masses of this nation and the world, supported by the commercial interests, the laboring interests and the toilers everywhere, we will answer their demand for a gold standard by saying to them: You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns, you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold.

GRANT.

WU TING-FANG.

[Chinese Minister to the United States.]

[Address at Memorial Services at Grant's Tomb, New York, May 30, 1901.]

TO address an American audience on a day consecrated to America's patriotic dead is an office for which a foreigner is not naturally fitted. The occasion calls for the ponderous periods of Webster, the gorgeous rhetoric of Sumner, and the classic diction of Everett to recount the story of deeds heroically done and duty nobly performed.

Twenty-three centuries ago, Mencius, who next to Confucius was the greatest philosopher that has ever flourished in China, said: "When Heaven is about to confer a great office on any man, it first exercises his mind with suffering, and his sinews and bones with toil. It exposes his body to hunger, and subjects him to bodily privation. It confounds his undertakings. By all these methods, it hardens his nature and supplies his incompetencies." In reading the early life of Grant, the above passage in the Chinese Classics vividly flashed across my memory. If the Chinese sage had had Grant in mind he could not have given a better prophetic description of the early struggles of the American hero.

The career of Grant is just such as is calculated to fire the imagination of the Chinese. "Statesmen and generals do

not come from an exclusive stock," is one of our favorite sayings. We Chinese have great admiration for men who have risen by their talents from humble beginnings to be acknowledged leaders of the people. Such was Grant. Naturally all China delighted to do him honor.

A nation which has produced such men as Washington, Lincoln and Grant can again produce men like them. A nation which has no lack of men able and ready to cope with every emergency that may arise in its progress, is truly great, and will continue to be so. The reason why Lincoln is revered by posterity is not only because he was a wise statesman and President, but also because he devoted and gave up his life to the cause of freedom and liberty. In like manner Grant is revered and honored now; not only because he was a great and skilful commander, but also because he was magnanimous and generous toward his friends and enemies alike and firmly devoted to justice and peace.

If Grant had done his work in China there is no doubt that temples would have been erected in his honor throughout the empire. Before his shrine impressive ceremonies would be performed at stated intervals of the year by officials of the government with the burning of incense and the offering of sacrifices. But things are done differently in this country. It has sometimes been said that republics are ungrateful. This grand mausoleum is at least a standing witness that the people of the United States are not unmindful of their obligations to the great leader that conducted them through a memorable crisis in their national life.

It is fitting and proper that the memory of the nation's great men should be kept alive; for such occasions serve to draw attention to their noble deeds and at the same time to stimulate people to follow their example. It will be a sad day for a nation which forgets the noble achievements of its great men, but I assure you that the glory of Grant's immortal achievements will ever increase in splendor as time rolls on.

FALLEN HEROES OF JAPAN.

ADMIRAL HEIHAICHIRO TOGO.

[In this speech the Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese fleets addresses the spirits of the officers and sailors who lost their lives during the war with Russia.]

THE clouds of war have disappeared from sea and from shore, and the whole city, with a peaceful, placid heart, like that of a child, goes out to meet the men who shared life and death with you, and who now return triumphant under the imperial standard, while their families wait for them at the gates of their homes.

Looking back, we recall how, bearing the bitter cold and enduring the fierce heat, you fought again and again with our strong foe, and while the issue of the contest was still uncertain you went before us to the grave, leaving us to envy the glory you had won by your loyal deaths. We longed to imitate you in paying the debt to sovereign and country. Your valiant and vehement fighting always achieved success. In no combat did you fail to conquer. Throughout ten months the attack on Port Arthur continued and the result was determined. In the Sea of Japan a single annihilating effort decided the issue. Thenceforth the enemy's shadow disappeared from the face of the ocean. This success had its origin in the infinite virtues of the Emperor, but it could not have been achieved had not you, forgetting yourselves, sacrificed your lives in the public service. The war is over. We who return in triumph see signs of joy everywhere. But we remember that we cannot share it with you, and mingled feelings of sadness and rejoicing struggle painfully for expression. The triumph of to-day has been purchased by your glorious deaths, and your loyality and valor will inspire our navy, guarding the imperial land for all time.

We here perform this rite of worship to your spirits, and speaking something of our sad thoughts, pray you to come and receive the offerings we make.

HEART THE SOURCE OF POWER.

T. EDWARD EGBERT.

[Delivered at Inter-State Oratorical Contest, at Galesburg, Ill., February, 1874, taking first prize.]

ORPHEUS—poet, philosopher, master of the lyre—is a name immortal in classic song. The skill with which he struck the tensile chords is fabled to have been such that the unconscious rocks and trees left their places and moved to the time of the air he played, and the beasts of the mountains, bewitched of their ferocity and charmed to friendship, gathered lovingly at his feet.

Half bruised and disconsolate at the loss of his bride, Eurydice, he resolved on descent into the under-world, that, if possible, he might oppose the cruel rulers there, and obtain permission for the return of his nymph-spouse to their mountain home.

Armed with his lyre, he entered the realm of Hades and assayed entrance to the palace of Pluto.

At the thrice-guarded gates further advance was denied.

From the depths of his hungry soul he poured a prayer over the sensitive strings of his second love, the lyre. At the first note from the "golden shell" the chariot wheels of the gods stood fast, Tantalus forgot the infernal torment of his insatiable thirst, the vultures ceased to tear the constantly reproduced vitals of Titios, the palace gates turned upon their golden hinges, Pluto melted into sympathy, and Eurydice was released.

This scrap of mythology reveals to us, that, according to the judgment of men in those far-away days, the power of perfect art was unlimited. Was that conception unwarranted? May it not be that the only limit of the ministry of art is the attainment of the artist? The principal realm of the ministry of art is the affections, the emotions, the passions. Art is not primarily a teacher. Its concern is not to instruct in fundamental truths or radical principles. It does not engage in intellectual contro-

versies or go to war. It forever appeals to what is already known and freely granted. Its ministry is invariable to its friends; toward the unfriendly it is speechless forever.

The ministry of music to man is through a single sense; painting and sculpture through another. The art of arts, that art of which all others are part expressions, appeals to the *whole* man. That art is oratory.

The trumpet that has aroused the sluggish from lethargy to activity, the faint-hearted from submission and oppression to resistance of it, that has cheered the slave of appetite on in the struggle for kingship over self, has been the voice of the orator.

This art, without the possibility of aid of strings, mallet and chisel, or paints and canvas, with truth its subject, the soul of man its immediate object, has been the herculean force in the world among men. What is the secret of its power?

Thoughts are expressed by words. The emotions have their own peculiar unworded language of mystical signs. Each emotion, every shade of emotion, each passion, every mood of mind, has its own peculiar dialect which expresses the most delicate shades of quality and intensity of feeling. It is by these that the emotions and passions communicate themselves from orator to auditors. However much the thought of the orator may be misunderstood, misinterpreted, and misapplied, the emotions never are. Genuine feeling expresses itself accurately and is understood definitely. So is pretended feeling at once detected and instantly condemned.

The emotions make no answer to arguments directed to the head, but heart does answer heart in the same pitch as that in which it is addressed. The breeze against the sails propels the ship, and the pressure of steam in the chest gives motion to the engine; so do the emotions acting upon the will beget action in the direction in which they impel. The dissatisfaction among the American colonists at the injustice and oppression of the mother country was general, but the indignities were endured without protest till those whirlwinds of fiery indignation burst

from the breasts of the Otises and Henrys, who in holy recklessness dared denounce tyranny in their own king. It was the lofty patriotism of these forest Demostheneses, ringing out across the Colonies, that lighted the fires of liberty on the hearthstones in the cabins of the people throughout the land. In all those weary years, from Bunker Hill to Yorktown, in the uncomplaining sufferings of hunger and cold, in the quiet endurance of anguish in the hospitals of painful suffering, who cannot read the impress and hear the echo of that sublime sentiment, "give me liberty or give me death." So has it always been, and while human nature remains what it is, it will always be, that he, who leads the way from the worse to the better, that he who charms, sweetens, thrills, and betters others' lives, carries in his heart the source of power.

DUTIES OF THE STATES.

ELIHU ROOT.

[Address while Secretary of State at meeting of Pennsylvania Society, New York City, December 12, 1906.]

I SUBMIT to your judgment, and I desire to press upon you with all the earnestness I possess, that there is but one way in which the States of the Union can maintain their power and authority under the conditions which are now before us, and that way is by an awakening on the part of the States to a realization of their own duties to the country at large.

Under the conditions which now exist, no State can live unto itself alone and regulate its affairs with sole reference to its own treasury, its own convenience, its own special interests. Every State is bound to frame its own legislation and its administration with reference not only to its own special affairs, but with reference to the effect upon all its sister States. Every individual is bound to regulate his conduct with some reference to its effect upon his neighbors, and the more popu-

lous the community and the closer individuals are brought together, the more imperative becomes the necessity which constrains and limits individual conduct.

If any State is maintaining laws which afford opportunity and authority for practices condemned by the public sense of the whole country, or laws which through the operation of our modern system of communication and business are injurious to the interests of the whole country, that State is violating the conditions upon which alone can its power be preserved.

If any State maintains laws which promote and foster the enormous overcapitalization of corporations condemned by the people of the country generally, if any State maintains laws designed to make easy the formation of trusts and the creation of monopolies, if any State maintains laws which permit conditions of child-labor revolting to the sense of mankind, if any State maintains laws of marriage and divorce so far inconsistent with the general standard of the nation as violently to derange the domestic relations which the majority of the States desire to preserve, that State is promoting the tendency of the people of the country to seek relief through the National Government and to press forward the movement for national control and the extinction of local control.

It is useless for the advocates of State rights to inveigh against the supremacy of the constitutional laws of the United States or against the extension of national authority in the fields of necessary control where the States themselves fail in the performance of their duty. The instinct for self-government among the people of the United States is too strong to permit them long to respect anyone's right to exercise a power which he fails to exercise. The Governmental control which they deem just and necessary they will have.

It may be that such control could better be exercised in particular instances by the governments of the States, but the people will have the control they need either from the States or from the National Government; and, if the States fail to

furnish it in due measure, sooner or later constructions of the Constitution will be found to vest the power where it will be exercised—in the National Government.

The true and only way to preserve State authority is to be found in the awakened conscience of the States, their broadened views and higher standard of responsibility to the general public, in effective legislation by the States in conformity to the general moral sense of the country, and in the vigorous exercise for the general public good of that State authority which is to be preserved.

MEN WITH MUCK-RAKES.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

[Address while President at laying of corner-stone of office-building of House of Representatives, Washington, D. C., April 14, 1906.]

MY plea is, not for immunity to, but for the most unsparing exposure of, the politician who betrays his trust, of the big business man who makes or spends his fortune in illegitimate or corrupt way. There should be a resolute effort to hunt every such man out of the position he has disgraced. Expose the crime, and hunt down the criminal; but remember that even in the case of crime, if it is attacked in sensational, lurid, and untruthful fashion, the attack may do more damage to the public mind than the crime itself. It is because I feel that there should be no rest in the endless war against the forces of evil that I ask that the war be conducted with sanity as well as with resolution. The men with the muck-rakes are often indispensable to the well-being of society; but only if they know when to stop raking the muck, and to look upward to the celestial crown above them, to the crown of worthy endeavor. There are beautiful things above and round about them; and if they gradually grow to feel that the whole world is nothing but muck, their power of usefulness

is gone. If the whole picture is painted black, there remains no hue whereby to single out the rascals for distinction from their fellows. Such painting finally induces a kind of moral color-blindness; and people affected by it come to the conclusion that no man is really black, and no man really white, but they are all gray. In other words, they neither believe in the truth of the attack, nor in the honesty of the man who is attacked; they grow as suspicious of the accusation as of the offense; it becomes well-nigh hopeless to stir them either to wrath against wrong-doing or to enthusiasm for what is right; and such a mental attitude in the public gives hope to every knave, and is the despair of honest men.

To assail the great and admitted evils of our political and industrial life with such crude and sweeping generalizations as to include decent men in the general condemnation, means the searing of the public conscience. There results a general attitude either of cynical belief in, and indifference to, public corruption, or else of a distrustful inability to discriminate between the good and the bad. Either attitude is fraught with untold damage to the country as a whole. The fool, who has not sense to discriminate between what is good and what is bad, is well-nigh as dangerous as the man who does discriminate and yet chooses the bad. There is nothing more distressing to every good patriot, to every good American, than the hard, scoffing spirit which treats the allegation of dishonesty in a public man as a cause for laughter. Such laughter is worse than the crackling of thorns under a pot, for it denotes not merely the vacant mind, but the heart in which high emotions have been choked before they could grow to fruition.

The first requisite in the public servants who are to deal with corporations, whether as legislators or as executives, is honesty. This honesty can be no respecter of persons. There can be no such thing as unilateral honesty. The danger is not really from corrupt corporations; it springs from the corruption itself, whether exercised for or against corporations.

The eighth commandment reads, "Thou shalt not steal." It does not read, "Thou shalt not steal from the rich man." It does not read, "Thou shalt not steal from the poor man." It reads simply and plainly, "Thou shalt not steal." No good whatever will come from that warped and mock morality which denounces the misdeeds of men of wealth and forgets the misdeeds practised at their expense; which denounces bribery, but blinds itself to blackmail; which foams with rage if a corporation secures favors by improper methods, and merely leers with hideous mirth if the corporation is itself wronged. The only public servant who can be trusted honestly to protect the rights of the public against the misdeed of a corporation, is that public man who will just as surely protect the corporation itself from wrongful aggression.

But, in addition to honesty, we need sanity. No honesty will make a public man useful if that man is timid or foolish, if he is a hot headed zealot or an impracticable visionary.

Materially we must strive to secure broader economic opportunity for all men, so that each shall have a better chance to show the stuff of which he is made. Spiritually and ethically we must strive to bring about clean living and right thinking. We appreciate that the things of the body are important; but we appreciate also that the things of the soul are immeasurably more important. The foundation stone of national life is, and ever must be, the high individual character of the average citizen.

Who can define the omnipotence of speech? With a few brief words God called the universe from nothingness; speech, falling from the glowing lips of the Apostles, has changed the face of the earth. The current of opinion follows the prestige of speech, and to-day, as ever, eloquence is universal queen. We need feel no surprise that, in ancient times, the multitude uncovered as Cicero approached, and cried: "Behold the orator!" —*Delaumosne.*

MEMORIAL DAY.

JOHN DAVIS LONG.

[Address before Grand Army Post, Tremont Temple, Boston, May 30, 1882.]

IN memory of the dead, in honor of the living, for inspiration to our children, we gather to-day to deck the graves of our patriots with flowers, to pledge commonwealth and town and citizen to fresh recognition of the surviving soldier, and to picture yet again the romance, the reality, the glory, the sacrifice of his service. As if it were but yesterday you recall him. He had but turned twenty. The exquisite tint of youthful health was in his cheek. His pure heart shone from frank out-speaking eyes. His fair hair clustered from beneath his cap. He had pulled a stout oar in the college-race, or walked the most graceful athlete on the village-green. He had just entered on the vocation of his life. The doorway of his home at this season of the year was brilliant in the dewy morn with the clambering vine and fragrant flower, as in and out he went, the beloved of mother and sisters, and the ideal of a New England youth:

> "In face and shoulders like a God he was;
> For o'er him had the goddess breathed the charm
> Of youthful locks, the ruddy glow of youth,
> A generous gladness in his eyes: such grace
> As carver's hand to ivory gives, or when
> Silver or Parian stone in yellow gold
> Is set."

The unreckoned influences of the great discussion of human rights had insensibly moulded him into a champion of freedom. He had passed no solitary and sleepless night watching the armor which he was to wear when dubbed next day with the accolade of knighthood. But over the student's-lamp or at the fireside's blaze he had passed the nobler initiate of a heart and mind trained to a fine sense of justice and to a resolution equal to the sacrifice of life itself in behalf of right and duty. He knew

nothing of the web and woof of politics, but he knew instinctively the needs of his country. And when the drum beat, when the first martyr's blood sprinkled the stones of Baltimore, he took his place in the ranks and went forward. You remember his ingenuous and glowing letters to his mother, written as if his pen was dipped in his very heart. How novel seemed to him the routine of service, the life of camp and march! How eager the wish to meet the enemy and strike the first blow for the good cause! What pride at the promotion that came and put its chevron on his arm or its strap upon his shoulder! How graphically he described his sensation in the first battle, the pallor that he felt creeping over his face, the thrilling along every nerve, and then the utter fearlessness when once the charge began and his blood was up! Later on, how gratefully he wrote of the days in hospital, of the opening of the box from home, of the generous distributing of delicacies that loving ones had sent, and of the never-to-be-forgotten comfort of the gentle nurse whose eyes and hands seemed to bring to his bedside the summer freshness and health of the open windows of his and her New England homestead!

You remember, when he came home on a short furlough, how manly and war-worn he had grown. But he soon returned to the ranks and to the welcome of his comrades. They loved him for his manliness, his high bearing, his fine sense of honor. They felt the nobility of conduct and character that breathed out from him. They recall him now alike with tears and pride. In the rifle-pits around Petersburg you heard his steady voice and firm command. The bullet of the sharp-shooter picked off the soldier who stood at his side and who fell dying in his arms, one last brief message whispered and faithfully sent home. It was a forlorn hope,—the charge of the brave regiment to which he belonged, reduced now by three years' long fighting to a hundred veterans, conscious that somebody had blundered yet grimly obedient to duty. Someone who saw him then fancied that he seemed that day like one who forefelt the end. But there was no

flinching as he charged. He had just turned to give a cheer when the fatal ball struck him. There was a convulsion of the upward hand. His eyes, pleading and loyal, turned their last glance at the flag. His lips parted. He fell dead, and at nightfall lay with his face to the stars. Home they brought him, fairer than Adonis over whom the goddess of beauty wept. They buried him in the village churchyard under the green turf. Year by year his comrades and his kin, nearer than comrades, scatter his grave with flowers. His picture hangs on the homestead walls. Children look up at it and ask to hear his story told. It was twenty years ago; and the face is so young, so boyish and fair, that you cannot believe he was the hero of twenty battles, a veteran in the wars, a leader of men, brave, cool, commanding, great. Do you ask who he was? He was in every regiment and every company.

PEOPLE AND THEIR RULERS.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

SAUL in Israel, and Nebuchadnezzar in Babylon, and Nero in Rome, and William the Silent in Holland, and Philip II. in Spain, and George III. in Great Britain, and George Washington in America,—all the powers that be, or have been, were ordained of God. And yet in every case the forces that have created them, and the causes, that have exalted them, are to be sought in the character of the nations over which they have ruled. God ordains the power, but He ordains it to fit the people. A bandit-chief for a tribe of brigands, a tyrant for slaves, an inquisitor for bigots, a sovereign tax-collector for a nation of shop-keepers, and a liberator for a race of freemen. The ruler is but the exponent of the inmost thoughts, desires, and ambitions of the ruled; sometimes their punishment, and sometimes their reward.

The people are responsible for the character of their rulers.

There are some complications which obscure the operation of this law in a monarchy, an empire, or an oligarchy. A hereditary crown, a sword transformed into a sceptre, a transmitted title, gives an opportunity to usurp or extend unrighteous power. And yet, even here, a keen eye can discern the people in the sovereign. Napoleon raised his empire of conquest cemented with blood, on a prepared foundation of the heart of France filled with lust of military glory. George III. obtained the power to nominate his own ministers of incompetent arrogance to carry out his policy of colonial oppression from a national conscience dulled by commercial rapacity and a fat-witted spirit of Toryism fallen into a contemptuous indifference for the rights of others. But in a republic the truth emerges distinct and vivid, so that a child can read it. The rulers are chosen from the people by the people. The causes which produce the men, and raise them to office, and clothe them with authority, are in the hearts of the people. Therefore in the long run, the people must be judged by, and answer for, the kind of men who rule over them.

When we apply this law to the beginning of our history, it gives us ground for gratitude and noble pride of birth. George Washington is the incarnation of the Spirit of '76, and the conclusive answer to all calumniators of the Revolution. The men of the Revolution held him up, because he was in their hearts, their hope and their ideal. God ordained him as a power, because the people chose him as their leader. And when we honor his memory, we honor theirs. "We praise famous men and our fathers that begat us."

But shall our children and our children's children have the same cause to thank and esteem us? Shall they say of us, as we say of our fathers, "They were true patriots, who loved their country with a loyal, steadfast love, and desired it to be ruled by the best men?"

That depends on one thing, and on one thing only. In peace or war, in prosperity or in adversity, the true patriot is he who maintains the highest ideals of honor, purity and justice for his

country's laws and rulers and actions. The true patriot is he who is as willing to sacrifice his time and strength and property to remove political shame and reform political corruption, as he would be ready to answer the bugle-call to battle against a foreign foe. The true patriot is he who works and votes, with the same courage that he would fight, in order that the noblest aspirations of a noble people may be embodied in the noblest rulers.

Be true to the principles of your forefathers, and to the responsibilities of the citizenship which they bought with their blood. Hold fast to the great quadrilateral of their patriotic faith: the greatest possible liberty for the individual; the equality of taxation and representation; the purity and simplicity of republican government; and adherence to God's moral law as the only basis of national security.

THE CONFEDERATES ARE COMIN'.

THOMAS R. STOCKDALE.

[Speech delivered in House of Representatives, Washington, D. C., June 28, 1890.]

IN my early manhood, proud of my native State whose borders I had seldom crossed, I left my home to see something of the mighty, surging, Anglo-Saxon American race. Every mile I traveled I became prouder of being an American. I wandered southward, and there saw in the descendants of the matchless cavalier the highest type of civilization. Then peace reigned over the broad expanse from the Lakes to the Gulf, and from Plymouth to the Golden Gate, and the nation had one great heart. When the untoward years precipitated that stupendous conflict, history was compelled to say that such warriors had not lived before. At the end of those four frightful years the transformation was appalling. The North was made more prosperous by the war, and shouts of victory went through all the land.

The South was left standing amid a desolation gloomy as the shadows of death. While the North reveled in luxurious homes, listening to the songs of triumph, the hollow voice of despair smote upon the ears of the South among the blackened chimneys where their homes had been. When they went forth to battle they left their happy homes in a land beautiful and prosperous as the fabled valleys of the Orient. They left behind them magnificent estates, teeming wealth, and a glorious womanhood unsurpassed in all the world. When they returned, the few that did return, the tramp of destruction had left desolation. The court of death had held sway in the once fair land, and the fair daughters were clad in mourning and want stared in their faces.

I am proud of the fame of the Southern soldier. I prefer to believe that the people are still willing to deal justly by a brave foe, and if their hearts were sounded free from political prejudices they would say of the Southerners what I once heard a Union soldier say: "We fought you and we conquered, but when the war was concluded our duty was performed; we want no more wounds inflicted and scorn the man who would humiliate so brave a people. If war clouds gather in the horizon we want you at our side, for if there is anything we do know it is that rebels will fight when they make up their minds to do it; and, if war shall indeed come, which God forbid, the columns of Blue and of Gray will confront the invading armies, side by side, shoulder to shoulder, bearing the same flag in defense of their common country, and sweep from our shores every invading foe, and if you want to play 'Dixie' on your end of the line we will play the 'Star Spangled Banner' on ours as we march into action."

And I will say when the struggle becomes terrible the South will not stand back in retaliation for this great wrong; but when hostile guns shall thunder at the gates of your cities, and your wives and daughters, in consternation of the nearing battle, hurry with refreshments to the brave soldiers that are falling along the line, some fair Jessie Brown will exclaim with uplifted

hand and bated breath as she catches the wild strains of "Dixie's Land," "It's nae a dream; it's the slogan of the South, Sanders, dinna ye hear it? The Confederates are comin," and if you let your Union commanding officer go along the line he will halt where the cannons roar loudest, where shells hiss fiercest, and men fall fastest, and, when the tide of battle turns, he will speak of them not as rebels, but will say, "Lead your boys in Gray in front of this enemy and tell them to give the old rebel charge, and the rebel yell, if they want to." Gods, what valor; the victory is ours!

OUR REUNITED COUNTRY.

CLARK HOWELL.

[Speech delivered at Peace Jubilee, Chicago, November 19, 1898.]

BEAR with me while I lead you to a rust-stained slab, which for a third of a century—since Chickamauga—has been kissed by the sun as it peeped over the Blue Ridge, melting the tears with which the mourning night had bedewed the inscription:

"Here lies a Confederate soldier.
He died for his country."

The September day which brought the body of this mountain hero to that home among the hills which had smiled upon his infancy, been gladdened by his youth, and strengthened by his manhood, was an ever-memorable one with the sorrowing concourse of friends and neighbors who followed his shot-riddled body to the grave. And of that number no man gainsaid the honor of his death, lacked full loyalty to the flag for which he fought, or doubted the justice of the cause for which he gave his life.

Thirty-five years have passed; another war has called its roll of martyrs; again the old bell tolls from the crude, latticed tower

of the settlement church; another great outpouring of sympathetic humanity, and this time the body of a son, wrapped in the Stars and Stripes, is lowered to its everlasting rest beside that of the father who sleeps in the Stars and Bars. There were those there who stood by the grave of the Confederate hero years before, and the children of those were there, and of those present no one gainsaid the honor of the death of this hero of El Caney, and none were there but loved, as patriots alone can love, the glorious flag that enshrines the people of a common country as it enshrouds the form that will sleep forever in its blessed folds. And on this tomb will be written:

> "Here lies the son of a Confederate soldier.
> He died for his country."

And so it is that, between the making of these two graves, human hands and human hearts have reached a solution of the vexed problem that has baffled human will and human thought for three decades. Sturdy sons of the South have said to their brothers of the North that the people of the South had long since accepted the arbitrament of the sword to which they had appealed. The sentiment of the great majority of the people of the South was rightly spoken in the message of the immortal Hill, and in the burning eloquence of Henry Grady, the record of whose blessed work for the restoration of peace between the sections becomes a national heritage, and whose names are stamped in enduring impress upon the affection of the people of the Republic. And yet there were still those among us who believed your course was polite but insincere, and those among you who assumed that our professed attitude was sentimental and unreal.

Bitterness had departed and sectional hate was no more, but there were those who feared, even if they did not believe, that between the great sections of our greater Government there was not the perfect faith and trust and love that both professed; that there was want of the faith that made the American Revolution

a possibility; that there was want of the trust that crystallized our States into the original Union; that there was lack of the love that bound in unassailable strength the united sisterhood of States that withstood the shock of civil war. It is true this doubt existed to a greater degree abroad than at home. But to-day the mist of uncertainty has been swept away by the sunlight of events, and there, where doubt obscured before, stands in bold relief, commanding the admiration of the whole world, the most glorious type of united strength and sentiment and loyalty known to the history of nations.

GRANT.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

IT was a picturesque moment in the history of Rome when, the battle of Cannæ being lost and the Roman army almost annihilated—while Hannibal, the Carthaginian general, was measuring by bushels the gold rings of the slain Roman knights—the whole people of the city went out to greet with honor their defeated general, Terentius Varro, and to bear him a vote of thanks from the senate for "not having despaired of the republic."

Our Civil War, like that between Rome and Carthage, begun in defeat, was transformed into victory, because he whom we celebrate did not despair of the Republic. From the time when his successes at Fort Donelson and Vicksburg first turned the tide of adversity, until the day when he received Lee's surrender, to him we looked.

Cæsar, Cromwell and Napoleon are usually counted the three great generals of the world. Two of these fought wars of mere conquest, and the contests of the third were marred by a gloomy fanaticism, cruelty and selfishness. General Grant fought to restore a nation, that nation being the hope of the world. And he restored it. Cæsar died by violence; Napoleon died defeated; Cromwell's work crumbled to pieces when his hand was cold.

Grant's career triumphed in its ending; is at its height to-day. It was finely said by a Massachusetts statesman that we did not fight to bring our opponents to our feet, but only to our side. Grant brought his opponents literally to his side, when they acted as pall-bearers around his coffin.

Grant habitually combined in action two things rarely brought together—quickness and perseverance. He lacked the conspicuous dash of Sherman or Sheridan; but in quickness of apprehension and action, he was not their inferior, if they were even his equals. He owed to these qualities his first conspicuous victory at Fort Donelson. He discovered that the knapsacks of the slain enemy held three days' rations, and he knew, therefore, that they were trying to get away. He renewed the attack, and the day was won.

In all his action as a commander he was essentially original—a man of initiative, not of routine. He was singularly free from the habit of depending on others.

To crown these qualities was personal modesty. When at Hamburg, Germany, he was toasted as "the man who had saved the nation," he replied, "What saved the Union was the coming forward of the young men of the country." He said to Bismarck: "I am more a farmer than a soldier. I take little or no interest in military affairs, and, though I entered the army thirty-five years ago and I have been in two wars—the Mexican as a young lieutenant, and later" [mark the exquisite moderation of that "and later"] "I never went into the army without regret, and never retired without pleasure." Such a remark from the greatest captain of the age disarmed even German criticism.

He was destined to enter on just one more campaign—against pain and disease combined with sudden poverty. It was a formidable coalition. It is sometimes said that it is easier to die well than to live well; but harder than either is to grow old, knowing that one's great period of action is past, and weighed down with the double weight of hopeless, financial failure and irremediable bodily pain. Either bankruptcy or phy-

sical torture has by itself crushed many a man morally and mentally; Grant's greatest campaign was when he resisted both. Upon such a campaign as this he might well, as he said, shrink from entering, but, having been obliged to enter upon it, he was still Grant. Thousands of Americans felt a sense of nearness to him and a sense of pride in him during his last few months that they never felt before. Already a hero in war to us, his last months made him a hero of peace.

His fame rests upon the broadest and surest of all pedestals, as broad as common humanity. He seems greatest because he is no detached or ideal hero, but simply the representative of us all.

BUSINESS DEPRESSION.

HENRY GEORGE.

THE first step toward determining the causes of business depression is to see what business depression really is.

By business depression we mean a lessening in rapidity and in volume of the exchanges by which commodities pass into the hands of consumers. This lessening of exchanges, which, from the side of the merchant or manufacturer, we call business depression, is evidently not owing to any scarcity of the things that merchants or manufacturers have to exchange. Nor is it owing to any lessening in the desire of consumers for them. On the contrary, seasons of business depression are seasons of bitter want on the part of large numbers, of want so intense and general that charity is called on to prevent actual starvation from need of things that manufacturers and merchants have to sell.

It may seem, on first view, as if this lessening of exchanges came from some impediment in the machinery of exchange. Since tariffs have for their object the checking of certain exchanges, there is a superficial plausibility in looking to them for the cause.

While, as money is the common measure of value and a common medium of exchange, it is, perhaps, even more plausible to look to monetary regulations. But however important any tariff question or any money question may be, neither has sufficient importance to account for the phenomena.

Protection, carried to its furthest, could only shut us off from the advantage of exchanging what we produce for what other countries produce; free trade, carried to its furthest, could only give us with the rest of the world that freedom of exchange that we already enjoy between our several States; while money, important as may be its office, is still but a mere counter. Seasons of business depression come and go without change in tariffs and monetary regulations, and exist in different countries under widely varying tariffs and monetary systems. The real cause must lie deeper.

Every business man sees that business depression comes from lack of money. But money is only an intermediate, performing in exchanges the same office that poker-chips do in a game. The great mass of consumers obtain money, by exchanging their labor or the proceeds of their labor for money, and with it purchasing commodities. Thus, what they really pay for commodities with is labor.

The lessening of "effective demand," means, therefore, scarcity of employment.

There are only three ways by which men live—by work, by beggary and by theft; also beggars and thieves can only live on workers. It is human labor that supplies all the wants of human life.

Now, work is the expenditure of labor in the production of commodities or satisfactions. But on what? Manifestly on land, for land is to man the whole physical universe. Despite our millions and our complex civilization, our extensions of exchanges, and our inventions of machines, are we not all living as the first man did and the last man must, by the application of labor to land?

Land is the source of all employment, the natural element indispensable to all work. Land and labor—these are the two primary factors that by their union produce all wealth and bring about all material satisfactions. Given labor—that is to say, the ability to work and the willingness to work—and there never has and never can be any scarcity of employment so long as labor can obtain access to land. Were Adam and Eve bothered by "scarcity of employment?" Did the first settlers in this country, or the men who afterward settled those parts of the country where land was still easily had, know anything of it? That the monopoly of land is the cause of business depressions is a clear as the sun at noonday.

Idle acres mean idle hands, and idle hands mean a lessening of purchasing power on the part of the great body of consumers that must bring depression to all business.

Every great period of land speculation that has taken place in our history has been followed by a period of business depression, and it always must be so.

There is but one cure for recurring business depression; there is no other. That is the single tax—the abolition of all taxes on the employment and products of labor and the taking of economic or ground rent for the use of the community by taxes levied on the value of land, irrespective of improvement. That would make land speculation unprofitable, land monopoly impossible, and so open to the possessors of the power to labor the ability of converting it by exertion into wealth or purchasing power that the very idea of a man able to work and yet suffering from want of the things that work produces would seem as preposterous on earth as it must seem in heaven.

Delivery has the sole and supreme power in oratory. Without it a speaker of the greatest mental power cannot be held in any esteem; while, with this qualification, one of moderate abilities may surpass those of the greatest talent.—*Cicero.*

CHARACTER OF COLUMBUS.

ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN.

[Address delivered at Chicago, October 12, 1892.]

TO us it is given to behold in its full splendor what Columbus, like another Moses on the borders of the Land of Promise, could only discern in dim and distant outlines. And, therefore, with Italy, the land of his birth; with Spain, the land of his adoption; with the other nations of the globe who are debtors to his daring, we gladly swell the universal chorus in his honor of praise and of thanksgiving.

In 1792 the ocean separated us by a journey of seventy days from Europe; our self-government was looked upon as a problem still to be solved; at home, facilities of travel and of intercommunication were yet to be provided. More than this, the unworthy innuendoes, the base as well as baseless charges that sought to tarnish the fair fame of Columbus, had not been removed by patient historical research and critical acumen. Fortunately, these clouds that gathered around the exploits of the great discoverer have been almost entirely dispelled, thanks, especially to the initiative of a son of our Empire State, the immortal Washington Irving.

I beg to present Columbus as a man of science and a man of faith. As a scientist, considering the time in which he lived, he eminently deserves our respect. Both in theory and in practice he was one of the best geographers and cosmographers of the age. According to reliable historians, before he set out to discover new seas, he had navigated the whole extent of those already known. Moreover, he had studied so many authors and to such advantage that Alexander von Humboldt affirmed: "When we consider his life we must feel astonishment at the extent of his literary acquaintance."

Columbus took nothing for granted. While he bowed reverently to the teachings of his faith, he brushed away as cob-

webs certain interpretations of Scripture more fanciful than real, and calmly maintained that the Word of God cannot be in conflict with scientific truth. The project of bearing Christ over the waters sank deeply into his heart. Time and again he alludes to it as the main object of his researches and the aim of his labors. Other motives of action undoubtedly he had, but they were a means to an end.

Moreover, may we not reasonably assume that the great navigator, after all, was a willing instrument in the hands of God? The old order was changing. Three great inventions, already beginning to exert a most potent influence, were destined to revolutionize the world—the printing-press, which led to the revival of learning; the use of gun-powder, which changed the methods of warfare; the mariner's compass, which permitted the sailor to tempt boldly even unknown seas.

These three great factors of civilization, each in its own way, so stimulated human thought that the discovery of America was plainly in the designs of that Providence which "reacheth from end to end mightily and ordereth all things sweetly."

DEATH OF GARFIELD.

JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE.

[Memorial oration delivered in House of Representatives, Washington, D. C., February 27, 1882.]

ON the morning of Saturday, July second, the President was a contented and happy man—not in an ordinary degree, but joyfully, almost boyishly, happy. On his way to the railroad-station, to which he drove slowly, in conscious enjoyment of the beautiful morning, with an unwonted sense of leisure and a keen anticipation of pleasure, his talk was all in the grateful and gratulatory vein. He felt that after four months of trial his administration was strong in its grasp of affairs, strong in popular favor and destined to grow stronger; that grave diffi-

culties confronting him at his inauguration had been safely passed; that trouble lay behind him, and not before him; that he was soon to meet the wife whom he loved, now recovering from an illness which had but lately disquieted and at times almost unnerved him; that he was going to his alma mater to renew the most cherished associations of his young manhood, and to exchange greetings with those whose deepening interest had followed every step of his upward progress from the day he entered upon his college course until he had attained the loftiest elevation in the gift of his countrymen.

Surely, if happiness can ever come from the honors or triumphs of this world, on that quiet July morning James A. Garfield may well have been a happy man. No foreboding of evil haunted him, no slightest premonition of danger clouded his sky. His terrible fate was upon him in an instant. One moment he stood erect, strong, confident in the years stretching peacefully out before him. The next he lay wounded, bleeding, helpless, doomed to weary weeks of torture, to silence and the grave.

Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness, by the red hand of Murder he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interest, from its hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death. And he did not quail. Not alone for the one short moment in which, stunned and dazed, he could give up life, hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony that was not less agony because silently borne, with clear sight and calm courage he looked into his open grave. What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes, whose lips may tell? What brilliant broken plans, what baffled high ambitions, what sundering of strong, warm, manhood's friendships, what bitter rending of sweet household ties! Behind him a proud, expectant nation; a great host of sustaining friends; a cherished and happy mother wearing the full, rich honors of her early toil

and tears; the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his; the little boys not yet emerged from childhood's day of frolic; the fair young daughter; the sturdy sons just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day, and every day rewarding, a father's love and care; and in his heart the eager, rejoicing power to meet all demand. Before him, desolation and great darkness! And his soul was not shaken. His countrymen were thrilled with instant, profound, and universal sympathy. Masterful in his mortal weakness, he became the center of a nation's love, enshrined in the prayers of a world. But all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him his suffering. He trod the winepress alone. With unfaltering front he faced death. With unfailing tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet he heard the voice of God. With simple resignation he bowed to the divine decree.

As the end drew near, his early cravings for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from its prison-walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices. With wan, fevered face tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders, on its far sails whitening in the morning light; on its restless waves rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a farther shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.

WHAT QUAKERISM STANDS FOR.

WILLIAM W. BIRDSALL.

QUAKERISM stands for what is right; not what is expedient. For courage of conviction; not a weak submission to incipient evil. For love and forbearance; not hatred and strife. For cheerful obedience to those in authority; not rebellion to wholesome rule. For good taste and simplicity; not dead conformity and display. For neat, tasteful homes; not ostentatious mansions. For wholesome recreations; not corrupting diversions. For cordial hospitality; not elaborate entertainments. For fair and honest dealing; not injustice and avarice. For moderation in all things; not extravagance in many things. For pure every-day living; not spasmodic goodness. For broad, cultured minds; not selfish intellectualism and coldness. For wise aid to charity; not demoralizing charity. For simplicity in worship; not formality and grandeur. For sincerity and freedom in belief; not cant and narrowness. For toleration; not assuming judgment. For the inward revelation of truth; not dogmatic theology. For faith in God and Divine Christ in men; not faith alone, nor works alone, but works because of faith.

Is it not the Christianity of the Sermon on the Mount to which we must look for the solution of present difficulties, for confidence in the future? Where else may we seek with hope of finding principle adequate to the problems which confront society?

The individualism of the Quaker is not a selfish withdrawal from social service; on the contrary, it requires of him his full share of such service, and insists that he must bring to it a sense of individual duty and a purpose to fulfil that duty to the utmost. Is not this the way, for instance, to every social reform?

The Quakers made a law against slavery, after their individual sense of duty had been so cultivated as to make them practi-

cally clear of the evil. They made a law against dealing in intoxicants, when they might almost be said to be already free from participation in them, and when they might almost have been described as a body of total abstainers.

That was a wise saying of William Penn, "Let men be good and the government will not be bad." "Let men be good." Here, indeed, is a principle adequate to the necessities of the individual and of society. "No evil," said Socrates, "can befall a good man, living or dead." We may, indeed, effect great changes in form or appearance by mechanical means; we may smooth and carve and polish or transport; we may change in a thousand ways the external form or position; but a change of the character of the substance must be within the molecule. In the mass of human society, the atomic force to which we must look for regeneration, for salvation, acts upon the heart of the individual, and it proceeds immediately from the Divine.

Quakerism stands for noble individualism. It represents and exemplifies that liberty of conscience which, since the organization of the Christian church, has been the goal of all progress in religion. It sets the individual free. It stands for the brotherhood of men because it realizes the fatherhood of God. In the measure in which he is true to his high calling, the Quaker maintains belief in the authority and guiding-power of the immanent Spirit of God, by the resolute, the faithful, application of the practical inferences and obligations of that doctrine in every sentence of his speech and every hour of his conduct.

Let tongue lie loosely and easily in mouth. Do not twist it about unnecessarily nor cramp it in trying to keep it quiet. If tongue persists in rising at back so as to obstruct sound, practise vocal exercises with tip pressed against teeth and back drawn down as in gaping, until bad habit is overcome. Do not make this manner of practising habitual, however, or you will injure your voice.—"*Elocution and Action.*"

GRANT.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

[Address while President at dedication of Grant's Tomb, New York City, April 27, 1897.]

A GREAT life, dedicated to the welfare of the nation, here finds its earthly coronation. Even if this day lacked the impressiveness of ceremony and was devoid of pageantry, it would still be memorable, because it is the anniversary of the birth of the most famous and best beloved of American soldiers.

Architecture has paid high tribute to the leaders of mankind, but never was a memorial more worthily bestowed or more gratefully accepted by a free people than the beautiful structure before which we are gathered.

Almost twelve years have passed since the heroic vigil ended and the heroic spirit of Ulysses S. Grant took its flight. Lincoln and Stanton had preceded him, but of the mighty captains of the war, Grant was the first to be called. Sherman and Sheridan survived him, but have since joined him on the other shore. The great heroes of the civil strife on land and sea, for the most part, are now dead. Thomas and Hancock, Logan and McPherson, Farragut, Dupont, and Porter, and a host of others, have passed forever from human sight. Those remaining grow dearer to us, and from them and the memory of those who have departed, generations yet unborn will draw their inspiration and gather strength for patriotic purpose.

A great life never dies; great deeds are imperishable; great names immortal. General Grant's services and character will continue undiminished in influence and advance in the estimation of mankind so long as liberty remains the corner-stone of free government and integrity of life the guarantee of good citizenship.

Faithful and fearless as a volunteer soldier, intrepid and invincible as commander-in-chief of the armies of the Union, calm and confident as president of a reunited and strengthened

nation, which his genius had been instrumental in saving, he has our homage and that of the world. We love him all the more for his home-life and homely virtues. His individuality, his bearing and speech, his simple ways, had a flavor of rare and unique distinction, and his Americanism was so true and uncompromising that his name will stand for all time as the embodiment of liberty, loyalty, and national unity.

Victorious in the work which, under Divine Providence, he was called upon to do; clothed with almost limitless power, he was yet one of the people—patient, patriotic, and just. Success did not disturb the even balance of his mind, while fame was powerless to swerve him from the path of duty. Great as he was in war, he loved peace, and told the world that honorable arbitration of differences was the best hope of civilization.

With Washington and Lincoln, Grant had an exalted place in the history and the affections of the people. To-day his memory is held in equal esteem by those whom he led to victory and by those who accepted his generous terms of peace. The veteran leaders of the Blue and the Gray here meet not only to honor the name of Grant, but to testify to the living reality of a fraternal national spirit which has triumphed over the differences of the past and transcends the limitations of sectional lines. Its completion—which we pray God to speed—will be the nation's greatest glory.

It is right, then, that General Grant should have a memorial commensurate with his greatness, and that his last resting-place should be the city of his choice, to which he was so attached in life and of whose ties he was not forgetful even in death. Fitting, too, is it that the great soldier should sleep beside the noble river on whose banks he first learned the art of war, of which he became master and leader without a rival.

As time passes, around this tomb will assemble, with gratitude and reverence and veneration, men of all climes, races, and nationalities.

New York holds in its keeping the precious dust of the silent soldier, but his achievements—what he and his brave comrades wrought for mankind—are in the keeping of millions of American citizens who will guard the sacred heritage forever and forevermore.

JOAN OF ARC.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.

[Delivered May 8, 1899, in the cathedral at Orleans, France, during the celebration in honor of Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans, born at Domremy, January 13, 1412.]

THERE are on the pages of humanity's story glories so sublime that all peoples see them; inspirations so potent that all peoples thrill from them. Such are the glories, Jeanne d'Arc, of thy deeds; such the inspirations of thy virtues. Thou belongest, first, indeed, to France; but thou belongest, also, to humanity; and wherever celebration is made in thy honor citizens of all countries may, without offence, be present and unite with the people of thy own land in offering to thee the tribute of reverence and of love.

There are in the great human family certain privileged nations whose providential destiny has been and still is to exercise far beyond their territorial frontiers precious and fecund influence in aid of the highest interests of religion and of civilization, and in this manner to link to themselves in closest ties other countries of the earth. Such has been thy destiny, France, and such still is thy destiny. Thou hast been and thou art a world nation, and when citizens of other countries, beneficiaries of thy favors, with hearts overflowing with gratitude and affection, come to thy shores, they will refuse to believe that they are unwelcomed by thee, and unbidden to take part in thy sweetest joys and most sacred festivities.

From afar, Jeanne d'Arc, from distant America, I come to speak thy praises, to speak the praises of thy France. Jeanne d'Arc, I salute thee; France, I salute thee.

This is an age of human action. It is action all around us, in things material, in things social, in things intellectual. Yet, often where most sacred interests are concerned, as when country and church are at issue, there is profound inertia among those to whom such interests are intrusted. They are timid and indolent; at times, even, they dare cloak their timidity and indolence in the habiliments of confidence in God and of respect for His providence. There are men who make of their inertia a religious doctrine; so used to do nothing and to see nothing done around them, they fall into the belief that doing nothing is the normal condition willed by Almighty God, and to censure those who display activity is to serve God.

The question was put to Jeanne by the theologians of Poitiers: "Jeanne, you ask that soldiers be given you, and you say at the same time that it is God's pleasure to drive the English from the kingdom of France. If such is God's pleasure, you do not need soldiers, for alone God can defeat the English and make them return to their country." Jeanne answered: "In God's name soldiers will do the fighting and God will give the victory."

Jeanne's maxim was: "Let us work and God will work." When victory was to be gained, this was her conduct: "I said to my soldiers, 'Go, braves, into the ranks of the English,' and I went myself."

Christians, be ours the maxim, the conduct of Jeanne. Work for country and for church, work energetically and perseveringly, work when others work with you, work when you are alone, work as God desires. Where there is no work, there is no life; where there is not life, there is death. As each one works or does nothing, country and church to a degree prosper or suffer.

From Jeanne d'Arc we receive two most important lessons—love of country and love of church. In her whole life Jeanne was the embodiment of patriotism and of religion, of country and of church.

Country and church! The one symbolizing the interests of

earth; the other, the interests of heaven; country preparing the way for church, church blessing and ennobling country—both so beautiful and so sublime that a soul capable of loving one must needs love the other--both from God, country through the ordinary laws of nature, church through an immediate dispensation of divine mercy; both demanding from us in the name of the Most High tender affection and loyal service.

Only in aggregations of fellow-beings do men grow into full moral and intellectual stature and reach out to the purposes of life. The aggregation of the family is too restricted; that of humanity too large and too undefined. The country is necessary. The Lord directs the formations of countries; geographical lines, historical weldings of populations, similarities of aspirations and of temper, reveal His designs. The country gathers into its entity all that is dearest and most valuable to men. Instincts compel love of country, religion commands and sanctifies it. After love of God is love of country, family and self yielding before it their own claims. It was St. Louis of France who marked the measure of human affections: "God, France and Margaret."

For my part, purified and strengthened in my affection of country by the example of Jeanne d'Arc, I go back from Orleans to America more American than ever I have been, pledged, America, with all the intensity of my soul, to love and admire thee, my country—personification of liberty in authority and of authority in liberty—to battle for thy noble institutions, to labor until death, as citizen and as bishop, for thy welfare and thy honor. Jeanne d'Arc, for the good thou hast done my American heart, I thank thee.

The orator must have something in his very soul he feels to be worth saying. He must have in his nature that kindly sympathy that connects him with his fellow-men, and which so makes him a part of the audience that his smile is their smile, his tear their tear, the throb of his heart the throb of the hearts of the whole assembly.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

MEMORIAL DAY.

HENRY WATTERSON.
[American Journalist.]

[Speech delivered at Louisville, Ky., Memorial Day, 1899.]

THE duty which draws us together and the day, come to us laden by a deeper meaning than they have ever borne before, and the place which witnesses our coming invests the occasion with increased solemnity and significance. Within the precincts of this dread but beautiful city two plots of ground, with but a hillock between, have been set aside to mark the resting-place of the dead of two armies that in life were called hostile—the army of the Union, the army of the Confederacy. We come to decorate the graves of those who died fighting for the Union. Presently others shall come to decorate the graves of those who died fighting for the Confederacy.

Yet, if these flower-covered mounds could open and the brave men who inhabit them could rise, not as disembodied spirits, but in the sentient flesh and blood which they wore when they went hence, they would rejoice, as we do, that the hopes of both have at last been fulfilled, and that the Confederacy, swallowed up by the Union, lives again in American manhood and brotherhood, such as were contemplated by the makers of the Republic.

To those of us who were the comrades and contemporaries of the dead that are buried here, who survived the ordeal of battle and who live to bless the day, there is nothing either strange or unnatural in this, because we have seen it coming for a long time; we have seen it coming in the kinship of ties even as close as those of a common country; in the robust intercourse of the forum and the market-place; in the sacred interchange of the domestic affections; but, above all, in the prattle of chil-

dren who cannot distinguish between the grandfather who wore the Blue and the grandfather who wore the Gray.

The issues that evoked the strife of sections are dead issues. The conflict, which was thought to be irreconcilable, and was certainly inevitable, ended more than thirty years ago. To some the result was logical—to others it was disappointing—to all it was final. As no man disputes it, let no man deplore it. Let us rather believe that it was needful to make us a nation. Let us rather look upon it as into a mirror, seeing not the desolation of the past, but the radiance of the future; and in the heroes of the new North and the new South who contested in generous rivalry up the fire-swept steep of El Caney, and side by side reemblazoned the national character in the waters about Corregidor Island and under the walls of Cavite, let us behold hostages for the old North and the old South blent together in a Union that knows neither point of the compass and has flung its geography into the sea.

Great as were the issues, we have put them behind us forever, yet greater issues still rise dimly upon the view. Who shall fathom them? Who shall forecast them? I seek not to lift the veil on what may lie beyond. It is enough for me to know that I have a country and that my country leads the world.

I have stood in awestruck wonder and fear lest the glorious fabric should fade into darkness and prove but the insubstantial pageant of a vision; when, lo! out of the misty depths of the far-away Pacific came the booming of Dewey's guns, quickly followed by the answering voice of the guns of Sampson and Shafter and Schley, and I said: "It is not a dream. It is God's promise redeemed. With the night of sectional confusion that is gone, civil strife has passed from the scene, and in the light of the perfect day that is come the nation finds, as the first fruit of its new freedom, another birth of greatness and power and renown."

Fully realizing the responsibility of this, and the duties that belong to it, I, for one, accept it, and all that it brings with it

and implies, thankful that I, too, am an American. Wheresoever its star may lead, I shall follow, nothing loath or doubting, though it guide the nation's footsteps to the furthermost ends of the earth. Believing that in the creation and the preservation of the American Union the hand of the Almighty has appeared from first to last; that His will begat it, and that His word has prevailed; that in the War of the Revolution and in the Civil War the incidents and accidents of battle left no doubt where Providence inclined; if the star that now shines over us, at once a signet of God's plan and purpose and a heaven-sent courier of civilization and religion, shall fix itself above the steppes of Asia and the sands of Africa, it shall but confirm me in my faith that "the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

ROLL-CALL OF THE FATHERS.

GEORGE F. HOAR.
[United States Senator.]

[Speech against imperialism in the Philippines, in the U. S. Senate, April 17, 1900.]

IT was once my good fortune to witness an impressive spectacle in this chamber, when Senators answered to their names in rendering solemn judgment in a great State trial. By a special provision each Senator was permitted, when he cast his vote, to state his reason in a single sentence. I have fancied that the question before us now might be decided not alone by the votes of us who sit here to-day, but of the great men who have been our predecessors in this chamber and in the Continental Congress from the beginning of the Republic.

The roll is called:

"George Washington: 'No. Why should we quit our own, to stand on foreign ground?'

"Alexander Hamilton: 'No. The Declaration of Independence is the fundamental constitution of every State."

"Thomas Jefferson: 'No. Governments are instituted among men deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. Every people ought to have that separate and equal station among the nations of the world to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them.'

"John Adams: 'No. I stood by the side of Jefferson when he brought in the Declaration; I was its champion on the floor of Congress. After our long estrangement, I come back to his side again.'

"James Madison: 'No. The object of the Federal Constitution is to secure the union of the thirteen primitive States, which we know to be practicable, and to add to them such other States as may arise in their own bosoms or in their neighborhood, which we can not doubt will be practicable.'

"Daniel Webster: 'No. Under our Constitution there can be no dependencies. Wherever there is in the Christian and civilized world a nationality of character, then a national government is the necessary and proper result. There is not a civilized and intelligent man on earth that enjoys satisfaction with his condition if he does not live under the government of his own nation, his own country. A nation can only be happy under a government of its own choice.'

"William H. Seward: 'No. The framers of the Constitution never contemplated colonies or provinces at all. They contemplated States only; nothing less than States—perfect States, equal States, sovereign States. There is reason, there is sound political wisdom, in this provision of the Constitution—excluding colonies, which are always subject to oppression, and excluding provinces, which always tend to corrupt and enfeeble and ultimately to break down the parent State.'

"John Quincy Adams: 'No. The Territories I helped bring into the Nation were to be dwelt in by free men and made into free States.'

"Aaron Burr: 'Yes. You are repeating my buccaneering expedition down the Mississippi. I am to be vindicated at last!'

"Abraham Lincoln: 'No. I said in Independence Hall at Philadelphia, just before I entered upon my great office, that I rested upon the truth Thomas Jefferson uttered. And I was assassinated in order to maintain it.'

"Charles Sumner: 'No. I proclaimed it when I brought in Alaska. I sealed my devotion with my blood also. It was my support and solace through those many long and weary hours when the red-hot iron pressed upon my spine, the very source and origin of agony, and I did not flinch. He knows our country little, little also of that great liberty of ours, who supposes that we could receive such a transfer. On each side there is impossibility. Territory may be conveyed, but not a people.'

"William McKinley: 'Forcible annexation is criminal aggression; governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, not of some of them, but of all of them. I will stand with the Fathers of the Republic. I will stand with the founders of the Republican Party. No.'"

Mr. President: I know how feeble is a single voice amid this din and tempest, this delirium of empire. It may be that the battle for this day is lost. But I have an assured faith in the future. I have an assured faith in justice and the love of liberty of the American people. The stars in their courses fight for freedom. The ruler of the heavens is on that side. If the battle to-day go against it, I appeal to another day, not distant and sure to come. I appeal from the clapping of hands and the stamping of feet and the brawling and the shouting to the quiet chamber where the Fathers gathered in Philadelphia. I appeal from the spirit of trade to the spirit of liberty. I appeal from the empire to the Republic. I appeal from the millionaire, and the boss, and the wirepuller, and the manager, to the statesman of the older time, in whose eyes a guinea never glistened, who lived and died poor, and who left to his children and to his countrymen a good name far better than riches. I appeal from the

present, bloated with material prosperity, drunk with the lust of empire, to another and a better age. I appeal from the present to the future and to the past.

EULOGY ON WALT WHITMAN.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

AGAIN we in the mystery of life are brought face to face with the mystery of death. A great man, a great American, is dead before us, and we have met to pay a tribute to his greatness and to his worth. His fame is secure. He laid the foundations of it deep in the human heart. He was, above all that I have known, the poet of humanity, of sympathy. Great he was—so great that he rose above the greatest that he met without arrogance; and so great that he stooped to the lowest without conscious condescension. He never claimed to be lower or greater than any other of the sons of men. He came into our generation a free, untrammeled spirit, with sympathy for all. His arm was beneath the form of the sick. He sympathized with the imprisoned and the despised; and even on the brow of crime he was great enough to place the kiss of human sympathy. One of the greatest lines in our literature is his. Speaking of an outcast—"Not until the sun excludes you will I exclude you." A charity as wide as the sky! And wherever there was human suffering, human misfortune, the sympathy of Whitman bent above it as the firmament bends above this earth. He was the poet of that divine democracy that gives equal rights to all the sons and daughters of men. He uttered the great American voice, uttered a song worthy of the great Republic.

He was the poet of life. He loved the clouds. He enjoyed the breath of morning, the twilight, the wind, the winding streams. He loved to look at the sea when the wind and waves burst into the white caps of joy. He loved the fields, the hills.

He was acquainted with trees, with birds, with all the beautiful objects on the earth; and he understood their meaning, and used them that he might exhibit his heart to his fellow-men. He was also the poet of love. He was not ashamed of the divine passion that has built every home in the world; that divine passion that has painted every picture and given us every real great work of art—that divine passion that has made the world worth living in and gives value to human life. He was the poet of the human race everywhere. His sympathy went out over the seas to all the nations of the earth. And above genius, above all the snow-capped peaks of intelligence, above his art, rises the man—greater than all.

He was true absolutely to himself. He was frank, candid, pure, serene and noble. And for years he was maligned and slandered, simply because he had the candor of nature. He will be understood yet, and that for which he was condemned will add to the glory and the greatness of his name. He wrote a liturgy for humanity. And he gave to us the gospel of humanity—the greatest gospel that can be preached.

He was not afraid to live, not afraid to speak his thoughts. Neither was he afraid to die. Cheerful every moment, the laughing nymphs of day remained that they might clasp the hand of the veiled and silent sisters of the night when they should come. And when they did come Walt Whitman stretched his hand to both. And so, hand in hand, between smiles and tears, he reached his journey's end.

To-day we give back to mother nature, to her clasp and kiss, one of the bravest, sweetest souls that ever lived in human clay. Since he has lived, death is less fearful than he was before, and thousands and millions will walk down into the dark valley of the shadow, holding Walt Whitman by the hand, long after we are dead.

And so I lay this poor wreath upon this great man's tomb. I loved him living and I love him still.

MARCH OF THE FLAG.

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE.
[United States Senator.]

[Speech opening Indiana Republican Campaign at Indianapolis, September, 16, 1898.]

IT is a noble land that God has given us; a land that can feed and clothe the world; a land whose coast-lines would inclose half the countries of Europe; a land set like a sentinel between the two imperial oceans of the globe, a greater England with a nobler destiny.

It is a mighty people that He has planted on this soil; a people sprung from the most masterful blood of history; a people perpetually revitalized by the virile, man-producing working-folk of all the earth; a people imperial by virtue of their power, by right of their institutions, by authority of their heaven-directed purposes—the propagandists and not the misers of liberty.

It is a glorious history our God has bestowed upon His chosen people; a history heroic with faith in our mission and our future; a history of statesmen who flung the boundaries of the Republic out into unexplored lands and savage wilderness; a history of soldiers who carried the flag across blazing deserts and through the ranks of hostile mountains, even to the gates of sunset; a history of a multiplying people who overran a continent in half a century; a history of prophets who saw the consequences of evils inherited from the past and of martyrs who died to save us from them; a history divinely logical, in the process of whose tremendous reasoning we find ourselves to-day.

Have we no mission to perform, no duty to discharge to our fellow-man? Has God endowed us with gifts beyond our deserts and marked us as the people of His peculiar favor, merely to rot in our own selfishness, as men and nations must, who take

cowardice for their companion and self for their deity—as China has, as India has, as Egypt has?

Shall we be as the man who had one talent and hid it, or as he who had ten talents and used them until they grew to riches? And shall we reap the reward that waits on our discharge of our high duty; shall we occupy new markets for what our farmers raise, our factories make, our merchants sell—aye, and, please God, new markets for what our ships shall carry?

The Opposition tells us that we ought not to govern a people without their consent. I answer, The rule of liberty that all just government derives its authority from the consent of the governed, applies only to those who are capable of self-government. We govern the Indians without their consent, we govern our territories without their consent, we govern our children without their consent. Would not the people of the Philippines prefer the just, humane, civilizing government of this Republic to the savage, bloody rule of pillage and extortion from which we have rescued them?

Shall we turn these peoples back to the reeking hands from which we have taken them? Shall we abandon them, with Germany, England, Japan, hungering for them? Shall we save them from those nations, to give them a self-rule of tragedy?

They ask us how we shall govern these new possessions. I answer: Out of local conditions and the necessities of the case methods of government will grow. If England can govern foreign lands, so can America. If Germany can govern foreign lands, so can America. If they can supervise protectorates, so can America. Why is it more difficult to administer Hawaii than New Mexico or California? Both had a savage and alien population; both were more remote from the seat of government when they came under our dominion than the Philippines are to-day.

Will you say by your vote that American ability to govern has decayed; that a century's experience in self-rule has failed of a result? Will you affirm by your vote that you are an infidel

to American power and practical sense? Or will you say that ours is the blood of government; ours the heart of dominion; ours the brain and genius of administration? Will you remember that we do but what our fathers did—we but pitch the tents of liberty farther westward, farther southward—we only continue the march of the flag?

The march of the flag! In 1789 the flag of the Republic waved over 4,000,000 souls in thirteen states, and their savage territory which stretched to the Mississippi, to Canada, to the Floridas. The timid minds of that day said that no new territory was needed, and, for the hour, they were right. But Jefferson, through whose intellect the centuries marched; Jefferson, who dreamed of Cuba as an American state; Jefferson, the first imperialist of the Republic—Jefferson acquired that imperial territory which swept from the Mississippi to the mountains, from Texas to the British possessions, and the march of the flag began!

And, now, obeying the same voice that Jefferson heard and obeyed, that Jackson heard and obeyed, that Monroe heard and obeyed, that Seward heard and obeyed, that Grant heard and obeyed, that Harrison heard and obeyed, our President to-day plants the flag over the islands of the seas, outposts of commerce, citadels of national security, and the march of the flag goes on!

The ocean does not separate us from lands of our duty and desire—the oceans join us, rivers never to be dredged, canals never to be repaired. Steam joins us; electricity joins us—the very elements are in league with our destiny. Cuba not contiguous! Porto Rico not contiguous! Hawaii and the Philippines not contiguous! The oceans make them contiguous. And our navy will make them contiguous.

Wonderfully has God guided us. Yonder at Bunker Hill and Yorktown His providence was above us. At New Orleans and on ensanguined seas His hand sustained us. Abraham Lincoln was His minister and His was the altar of freedom the

Nation's soldiers set up on a hundred battle-fields. His power directed Dewey in the East and delivered the Spanish fleet into our hands, as He delivered the elder Armada into the hands of our English sires two centuries ago. The American people can not use a dishonest medium of exchange; it is ours to set the world its example of right and honor. We can not fly from our world duties; it is ours to execute the purpose of a fate that has driven us to be greater than our small intentions. We can not retreat from any soil where Providence has unfurled our banner; it is ours to save that soil for liberty and civilization. For liberty and civilization, and God's promise fulfilled, the Flag must henceforth be a symbol and sign to all mankind.

DIGNITY OF MAN.

GERHARDT C. MARS.

[Reprinted from Mars's "The Interpretation of Life," Copyright, 1908, by D. Appleton & Company.]

MAN has always asserted the dignity and worth of being responsible for his own mistakes and wrong doings. It is a heavy burden and, indeed, sometimes hard to bear; but from the moment he wakes from the monistic, cosmic dream and becomes another, a self-conscious, super-natural, rational individual, he steps out into the free, intellectual, and moral responsibility of determining his own career. Weak and helpless as he is, at first, a mere naked bantling, cast out upon the shores of time, to meet alone, it may be, Gorgon terrors and contend with Titanic foes, he is nevertheless a man, who in time comes to feel himself to be a companion and fellow of the gods—if not, indeed, himself a god, though in the germ.

And if to reach the goal of full stature, by his own intelligence and moral strength, he must needs wander and suffer pain, would he on this account ever renounce his birthright as a free, rational man, give up his own destiny as an individual, intelligent

and moral being, and sink to the level of the instinctive animal, in order to avoid the pangs of struggle? No, he will bravely face the tragic sorrows of the conflict, in order to be himself. In spite of crushing defeat, or blasted hopes, or misfortune and loss, though the very earth be removed and the mountains be cast into the sea, the mysterious, prophetic voice ever sounds through his soul: Son of man, stand upon thy feet; thou art but little lower than God, Who hast crowned thee with glory and honor, and given thee dominion over the works of His hands.

GATHER INSPIRATION FROM THE PAST.

CHARLES CARROLL ALBERTSON.
[Presbyterian Clergyman.]

[Speech at Chicago Centennial Exercises, April 30, 1889.]

WE are met to-day, in the dawning of the spring-time season, to commemorate the 30th of April, 1789. We are met to take a retrospective view of the last century of our nation's history.

From ages immemorial, men have delighted to visit the graves of heroes; but not to that stately mausoleum in Paris where rest the remains of the Corsican General, nor to the Abbey where the Iron Duke is laid to rest, nor to the stately monument which marks the resting-place of the Bard of Avon, does the freedom-loving and truthseeking pilgrim of earth come with half the devotion he feels who bows at the tomb under the willows which grow by the side of the rolling Potomac. And in ages to come, men shall delight to do honor to Washington's memory, and under the inspiration of his deeds and of his character they shall join in to say with the eulogist: "Hail, thou uncrowned king of a republic!" Uncrowned and crownless, yet as true a king as ever ruled, and as true a king as ever wielded scepter over submissive millions.

We are a proud nation. It is right that we should be. We have something to be proud of. We have a history, and thank God for it. We have a history of Providence. I would that upon the white stripes of our banner may be inscribed the sentiment, for it is the truth: "God's providence is our inheritance."

I beg you in your retrospection to remember that our flag is not a mere piece of muslin; to remember that our flag is not mere bunting. Our flag is synonym of liberty. Our flag is synonym of union. Our flag is synonym of opportunity, for under our flag, and under our flag alone, can we say to the young man starting out on life's career, however poor he be, however humble and obscure of origin: "You are a king, you are a free man; you may aspire to the highest honors."

The only sovereigns in this country are those who are sovereigns not by virtue of what rests upon their heads, nor by virtue of what is over their breasts, but sovereigns by virtue of what is in their heads and within their breasts. Our flag stands for something else. It stands for fraternity of patriotic citizens, who, joining them together, hand to hand, heart to heart, shoulder to shoulder, victory to victory, conquest to conquest, jubilee to jubilee, impulse to impulse, and inspiration to inspiration, have sworn to see that flag remain forever in the heavens. And against the insidious pauper criminal immigration, and against the insidious influences of anarchists, socialists, annihilists, communists, and such men, who, coming to our shores, seek to bring hither the institutions of other lands—to these men we say: "Palsied be the hand and palsied be the tongue that would do aught to rob that flag of one single star!"

Let us suppose a hall with tapestries, a church draped in black. Logic says, "Sing more loudly." But this must be guarded against lest the voice become lost in the draperies. The voice should scarce reach these too heavy or too sonorous partitions, but, leaving the lips softly, it should pulsate through the audience, and go no farther.—*Delaumosne.*

LINCOLN AND MCKINLEY.

TIMOTHY L. WOODRUFF.

[Address while Lieutenant-Governor of New York State.]

IN physical proportions and features two men could hardly differ more than Lincoln and McKinley, but in private character and mental equipment for public life the similarity between them is striking. Of humble birth, they both prepared for and pursued the learned profession of the law. Each bore arms for his country, and each served as Representative in Congress. Although thirty-six years separated the beginning of their administrations, each entered office four years after a financial panic and a period of commercial depression; and at once each secured for the alleviation of the industrial conditions of the time protective tariff legislation. At the very beginning of the administration of each, the country was suddenly plunged into war, the issue of which, in both cases, was carried to successful conclusion by the masterhand of the Chief Executive. Close in the confidence of the people, each reflected the changing sentiment of the nation. Lincoln moulded the sentiment of the people on the great question of the abolition of slavery, so vital to the domestic life of the nation; McKinley moulded the sentiment of the people on the subject of Protection, so vital to the industrial life of the nation. The crowning glory of Lincoln's administration was the emancipation of the black slaves of the South and the liberation of their white masters from a wholly unrepublican condition of life; the crowning glory of McKinley's administration has been the liberation of the people of the Philippines, of Cuba and Porto Rico from the tyranny of a dynasty still shrouded in the darkness of the Middle Ages which threatened the neighboring spirit of nineteenth century republicanism.

Lincoln guided the Ship of State safely amid the dangerous rocks of foreign complications, by the rarest diplomacy narrowly averting war with England; McKinley with equal success steared clear of the mines laid for our hindrance by the powers of Continental Europe who sympathized with Spain as England had sympathized with the South in the Civil War. Both Lincoln and McKinley exercised their constitutional rights as Commanders-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States; in the same room in which the one received telegrams announcing the victories of Vicksburg and Gettysburg, and directed the future movements of the Northern Army, the other received cablegrams announcing the victories of Manilla and Santiago and directed the manœuvres of the victorious army and navy of the United States. In concluding the terms of peace both exhibited charity towards all and malice towards none. Lincoln's war was waged in the interest of human liberty, but it was a terrible and protracted struggle between progressive and liberty-loving Americanism on the one side, and equally progressive but slave-fettered Americanism on the other. McKinley's war was also in the interest of human liberty, but was a short, decisive contest between a kingdom whose methods of oppression retarded her progress, and a nation which since the Civil War had enjoyed all the blessings of liberty. The war of Lincoln's time with all its horrors, with all its unprecedented loss of life and property, aroused the American people to a realization of their greatness, so that in McKinley's time it is the universal verdict that the Republic of the United States has advanced more rapidly in all respects and in all directions than if secession by force of arms had not been undertaken. As Lincoln, in 1863, liberated three millions of slaves, and told them they were citizens of the United States; so McKinley, in 1898, liberated ten millions of the inhabitants of the Islands of the Sea.

Lincoln, but for his untimely and tragic end, would doubtless have established amicable relations between the North and the South. It, however, was reserved for McKinley finally to heal

the breach by appointing to important commands such ex-Confederate commanders as Joe Wheeler and Fitzhugh Lee, and by calling upon the people of the North and the West to cherish the memory and guard the graves of the Southern dead. Dissensions may arise hereafter in the great Union family; but, as in the case of the proverbial domestic circle, outside interference can only result in a closer bond between the States and disaster to meddling neighbors. The unparalleled spectacle has been afforded the nations of the world of the bitter enemies of a generation ago marching side by side in a war for human liberty and human progress. The sounds of strife, the bugle-call, the drum, the resonant cannon-peal echo no more in the valleys of Dixie nor among the mountains of Pennsylvania. Armed hosts will assemble no more in the nation established by Washington, saved by Lincoln and expanded by McKinley, except for one purpose—defence against external interference and for the protection of one glorious, world-respected flag.

NEGRO QUESTION.

HENRY WATTERSON.
[American Journalist.]

[Address at Carnegie Hall, New York City, January 17, 1908.]

THE negro is here; he is here in ever increasing numbers, and he is here to stay. All schemes for getting rid of him are fantastic; and, if attempted, would prove abortive. He must be developed on new lines, educated to an anomalous situation and resolved into the body of society, not as an irritant, but as a natural, indispensable, component part. That's the problem.

Four millions of poor black people, with some centuries of abject slavery and many ages of barbaric night behind them, were not equal to using the freedom that came to them so suddenly, and especially the ballot, with prudence or intelligence. How could they? I don't blame them in the least. On the contrary, I sometimes wonder at their self-restraint.

Let the negro go to any alien community and try to get employment. Barred on every hand; plenty of sentiment but no work. There are regions North, East and West which never knew slavery and were a unit for the Union, where the negro is refused admittance. He is told to move on. He is "an undesirable citizen." Turn Southward; plenty both of work and wages for all who bring tranquil minds and willing hands. Bad people, slothful people, get on nowhere; but nowhere on the habitable globe has the liberated slave fared so well, nowhere has he so fair an outlook as in the Southern States of North America.

Why? Because we know one another; and because, no matter what anybody may say to the contrary, there is a common bond of association between us. Never can the white man of the South forget what the black man did during a war waged for his freedom and what he might have done. Never should the black man of the South forget that he is the weaker in the race and for a long time must look to the white man for help of many kinds. It is through these reciprocal obligations and interests that the two races will reach some institutional system of living and doing entirely satisfactory to both.

Nothing is to be expected from the rushing, hothouse process, or from any artificial arrangement; everything is to be hoped from nature left to herself—unvexed by mis-directed political considerations, uninfluenced by outsiders teaching false philosophies—simple justice and kindness presiding over the ordinary laws of common honesty and common sense.

He is a bad white man who will not help his neighbor black man when that neighbor black man shows the spirit to help himself. He is a bad black man who cherishes hatred in his heart against the white man because he is a white man. He is a foolish black man who thinks because the mirage of social equality, which would prove a curse rather than a blessing, is denied him that the white man hates him. Social questions the world over create their own laws and settle themselves. They

cannot be forced. It is idle anywhere for anybody to contest or quarrel with them. No man should wish to go where he is not wanted; true, self-respecting men dismiss the very thought of it, going their own way, hoeing their own row, and giving praise to God that their happiness is within themselves and beyond the reach of any man, be he white, black, king or vassal.

MISSION OF AMERICA.

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE.
[United States Senator.]

[From speech in United States Senate, January 9, 1900.]

YOU cannot interpret a constitution without understanding the race that wrote it. If our fathers had intended a reversal of the very nature and being of their race, they would have so declared in the most emphatic words our language holds. But they did not, and in the absence of such words the power remains which is essential to the strongest tendency of our practical race—the power to govern wherever we are, and to govern by the methods best adapted to the situation.

This question is deeper than any question of party politics; deeper than any question of the isolated policy of our country; deeper than any question of constitutional power. It is elemental. It is racial. God has not been preparing the English-speaking and Teutonic peoples for a thousand years for nothing but vain and idle self-contemplation and self-admiration. No! He has made us the master organizers of the world to establish system where chaos reigns. He has given us the spirit of progress to overwhelm the forces of reaction throughout the earth. He has made us adepts in government that we may administer government among savage and senile peoples.

What shall history say of us? Shall it say that we renounced that holy trust, left the savage to his base condition, the wilderness to the reign of waste, deserted duty, abandoned glory, forgot our sordid profit even, because we feared our

strength and read the charter of our powers with the doubter's eye and the quibbler's mind? Shall it say that, called by events to captain and command the ablest, noblest race of history in one of history's largest works, we declined that great commission? Our fathers would not have had it so. No! They founded no paralytic government, incapable of the simplest acts of administration. They planted no sluggard people, passive while the world's work calls. They established no reactionary nation. They unfurled no retreating flag.

That flag has never paused in its onward march. Who dares halt it now—now, when historic events again are carrying it forward; now, when we are at last one people, strong enough for any task, great enough for any glory destiny can bestow? How comes it that our first century closes with the process accomplished of consolidating the American people into a unit, and quick upon the stroke of that great hour presses upon us our world opportunity, world duty, and world glory, which none but a people welded into an indivisible nation can achieve or perform?

Blind, indeed, is he who sees not the hand of God in events so vast, so harmonious, so benign. Dull, indeed, is the mind that perceives not that this vital people is the strongest of the saving forces of the world; that our place, therefore, is at the head of the constructing and redeeming nations of the earth; and that to stand aside while events march on is a surrender of our interests, a betrayal of our duty as blind as it is base.

Do you tell me that it will cost us money? When did America ever measure duty by financial standards? Do you tell me of the tremendous toil required to overcome the vast difficulties of our task? What mighty work for the world, for humanity, even for ourselves, has ever been done with ease? Even our bread must we earn by the sweat of our faces? Why are we charged with power such as no people ever knew, if we are not to use it in a work such as no people ever wrought?

Do you remind me of the precious blood that must be shed,

the lives that must be given, the broken hearts of loved ones for their slain? And this is, indeed, a heavier price than all combined. And, yet, as a nation, every historic duty we have done, every achievement we have accomplished, has been by the sacrifice of our noblest sons. Every holy memory that glorifies the flag is of those heroes who died that its onward march might not be stayed. It is the nation's dearest lives yielded for the flag that makes it dear to us; it is the nation's most precious blood poured out for it that makes it precious to us. That flag is woven of heroism and grief, of the bravery of men, and women's tears, of righteousness and battle, of sacrifice and anguish, of triumph and glory. It is these which make our flag a holy thing. Who would tear from that sacred banner the glorious legends of a single battle where it has waved on land or sea? What son of a soldier dead in its defence would surrender that proud record for the heraldry of a king? In the cause of civilization, in the service of the Republic anywhere on earth, Americans consider wounds the noblest decorations man can win, and count the giving of their lives a glad and precious duty.

Pray God that that spirit never fails. Pray God the time may never come when mammon and the love of ease shall so debase our blood that we shall fear to shed it for the flag and its imperial destiny. Pray God the time may never come when American heroism is but a legend like the story of the Cid, American faith in our mission and our might a dream dissolved, and the glory of our mighty race departed.

That time will never come. We shall renew our youth at the fountain of new and glorious deeds. We shall exalt our reverence for the flag by carrying it to a noble future as well as by remembering its ineffable past. Its immortality will not pass, because everywhere and always we shall acknowledge and discharge the solemn responsibilities our sacred flag, in its deepest meaning, puts upon us. And so with reverent hearts, where dwells the fear of God, the American people move forward to the future of their hope and the doing of His work.

POWER OF THE PRESS.

JOHN HAY.

[Address while Secretary of State of the United States at opening of Press Parliament of the World, St. Louis, May 19, 1904.]

I ESTEEM it a great privilege to meet so many representatives of an estate which, more than any other, at this hour controls the world. It is my daily duty in Washington to confer with the able and distinguished representatives of civilized sovereigns and states. But we are all aware that the days of personal government are gone forever; that behind us, and behind the rulers we represent, there stands the vast, irresistible power of public opinion, which in the last resort must decide all the questions we discuss, and whose judgment is final.

Upon none of the arts or professions has the tremendous acceleration of progress in recent years had more effect than upon that of which you are the representatives. We easily grow used to miracles; it will seem a mere commonplace when I say that all the wonders of the magicians invented by those ingenious Oriental poets who wrote the "Arabian Nights" pale before the stupendous facts which you handle in your daily lives. The air has scarcely ceased to vibrate with the utterances of kings and rulers in the older realms when their words are read in the streets of St. Louis and on the farms of Nebraska. The telegraph is too quick for the calendar; you may read in your evening paper a dispatch from the antipodes with a date of the following day. The details of a battle on the shores of the Hermit Kingdom, a land which a few years ago was hidden in the mists of legend, are printed and commented on before the blood of the wounded has ceased to flow. Almost before the smoke of the conflict has lifted we read the obituaries of the unsepultured dead. And not only do you record with

the swiftness of thought these incidents of war and violence, but the daily victories of truth over error, of light over darkness; the spread of commerce in distant seas, the inventions of industry, the discoveries of science, are all placed instantly within the knowledge of millions. The seeds of thought, perfected in one climate, blossom and fructify under every sky, in every nationality which the sun visits.

With these miraculous facilities, with this unlimited power, comes also an enormous responsiblity in the face of God and man. I am not here to preach to you a gospel whose lessons are known to you far better than to me. I am not calling sinners to repentance, but I am following a good tradition in stirring up the pure minds of the righteous by way of remembrance. It is well for us to reflect on the vast import, the endless chain of results, of that globe-encircling speech you address each day to the world. Your winged words have no fixed flight; like the lightning, they traverse the ether according to laws of their own. They light in every clime; they influence a thousand different varieties of minds and manners. How vastly important is it, then, that the sentiments they convey should be those of good-will rather than of malevolence, those of national concord rather than of prejudice, those of peace rather than of hostility. The temptation to the contrary is almost irresistible. I acknowledge with contrition how often I have fallen by the way. It is far more amusing to attack than to defend, to excite than to soothe. But the highest victory of great power is that of self-restraint, and it would be a beneficent result of this memorable meeting, this œcumenical council of the press, if it taught us all—the brethren of this mighty priesthood—that mutual knowledge of each other which should modify prejudices, restrain acerbity of thought and expression, and tend in some degree to bring in that blessed time—

> "When light shall spread and man be liker God
> Through all the seasons of the Golden Year."

ART OF OPTIMISM.

WILLIAM DE WITT HYDE.
[President Bowdoin College.]

THE world we live in is a world of mingled good and evil. Whether it is chiefly good or chiefly bad depends on how we take it. To look at the world in such a way as to emphasize the evil is the art of pessimism. To look at it in such a way as to bring out the good, and throw the evil into the background, is the art of optimism. Whether we shall be optimists or pessimists depends partly on temperament, but chiefly on will.

I propose to show you both pessimism and optimism; give a prescription for each, and leave you to take whichever you like best. Life is like the ocean. It drowns one man, because he yields to it passively and blindly. It buoys up the other because he strikes it skilfully, and buffets it with lusty sinews.

There is enough that is bad in every life to make one miserable who is so inclined. We all know people who have plenty to eat, a roof over their heads, a soft bed to lie in, money in the bank to cover all probable needs for the rest of their days, plenty of friends, good social position, unbroken family circle, good education, even the profession of some sort of religion; yet who by magnifying something that happened to them a long while ago; or something that may happen to them at some time to come; or what somebody has said about them; or the work they have to do; or the slight someone has shown them; or even without anything as definite as these trifles, contrive to make themselves and everybody else perpetually wretched and uncomfortable. These people have acquired the art of pessimism.

Practically, anybody can be a pessimist who wants to. The art is easily acquired. Here are some rules for it.

Live in the passive voice, intent on what you can get, rather than on what you can do; in the subjunctive mood; meditating

on what might be, rather than on what actually is; in the past or future tense, either harping on what has been, or worrying about what will be, rather than facing the facts of the present; in the third person, finding fault with other people instead of setting your own affairs in order; in the plural number, following the standards of respectability of other people rather than your own perception of what is fit and proper.

A sound optimism accepts with open eyes all the hard facts on which pessimism builds. Enjoyment is fleeting. Nothing can permanently satisfy us. Optimism proclaims this very incapacity of ours to be satisfied with anything finite, the glory of our nature, the promise and potency of our progress and development, the assurance of our immortality. If good is satisfied feeling, which is to be given to us ready-made, then, indeed, we shall never get it, and pessimism is the ultimate truth. If good is a state of eager and enthusiastic activity of will, then this world of ours is just the best place imaginable to give field for this activity. The rules for optimism are simply the inverse of the rules for pessimism.

Live in the active voice, intent on what you can do rather than on what happens to you; in the indicative mood, concerned with facts as they are rather than as they might be; in the present tense, concentrated on the duty in hand, without regret for the past or worry about the future; in the first person, criticising yourself rather than condemning others; in the singular number, seeking approval of your own conscience rather than popularity with the many. Whoever lives the life of such unselfish devotion to the good of others and of all, and lives it in the active voice, indicative mood, present tense, first person, singular number, is bound to find his life full and rich and glad and free; is bound, in other words, to be an optimist.

Articulation may be defined as the act of the tongue by which the consonantal sound is joined to the vowel sound, or the vowel sound to the consonantal sound.—*M. Cherrin.*

LIBERTY.

CHAUNCEY MITCHELL DEPEW.
[United States Senator.]

[Oration at unveiling of Bartholdi Statue of Liberty, New York, October 28, 1886.]

THE spirit of liberty embraces all races in common brotherhood; it voices in all languages the same needs and aspirations. The full power of its expansive and progressive influence cannot be reached until wars cease, armies are disbanded, and international disputes are settled by lawful tribunals and the principles of justice. Then the people of every nation, secure from invasion and free from the burden and menace of great armaments, can calmly and dispassionately promote their own happiness and prosperity. The marvelous development and progress of this Republic is due to the fact that in rigidly adhearing to the advice of Washington for absolute neutrality and non-interference in the politics and policies of other governments, we have avoided the necessity of depleting our industries to feed our armies, of taxing and impoverishing our resources to carry on war, and of limiting our liberties to concentrate power in our government.

American liberty has been for a century the beacon-light for the nations. Under its teachings and by force of its example, the Italians have expelled their petty and arbitrary princelings and united under a parliamentary government; the gloomy despotism of Spain has been dispelled by the representatives of the people and a free press; the great German race have demonstrated their power for empire and their ability to govern themselves. The Austrian monarch rejoices with his subjects in the limitations of a constitution which guarantees liberties, and a congress which protects and enlarges them. Magna Charta, won at Runnymede for Englishmen, and developing into the principles of the Declaration of Independence with their descendants, has returned to the mother country to

bear fruit in an open parliament, a free press, the loss of royal prerogative, and the passage of power from the classes to the masses.

In all ages the achievements of man and his aspirations have been representated in symbols. Races have disappeared and no record remains of their rise or fall, but by their monuments we know their history. The huge monoliths of the Assyrians and the obelisks of the Egyptians tell their stories of forgotten civilizations, but the sole purpose of their erection was to glorify rulers and preserve the boasts of conquerors. They teach sad lessons of the vanity of ambition, the cruelty of arbitrary power, and the miseries of mankind. The Olympian Jupiter, enthroned in the Parthenon, expressed in ivory and gold the awful majesty of the Greek idea of the glory of the gods; the bronze statue of Minerva on the Acropolis offered the protection of the patron goddess of Athens to the mariners who steered their ships by her helmet and spear; and in the Colossus of Rhodes, famed as one of the wonders of the world, the Lord of the Sun welcomed the commerce of the East to the city of his worship. But they were all dwarfs in size and pigmies in spirit beside this mighty Statue of Liberty, and its inspiring thought. Higher than the monument in Trafalgar Square which commemorates the victories of Nelson on the sea; higher than the Column Vendome, which perpetuates the triumphs of Napoleon on the land; higher than the towers of the Brooklyn Bridge, which exhibit the latest and greatest results of science, invention, and industrial progress, this structure rises toward the heavens to illustrate an idea which nerved the three hundred at Thermopylæ, and armed the ten thousand at Marathon; which drove Tarquin from Rome and aimed the arrow of Tell; which charged with Cromwell and his Ironsides, and accompanied Sidney to the block; which fired the farmer's gun at Lexington and razed the Bastile in Paris; which inspired the charter in the cabin of the Mayflower and the Declaration of Independence from the Continental Congress.

It means the equality of all men before the law; the ballot secure from fraud and the voter from intimidation; the Press free, and education furnished by the State for all; liberty of worship and free speech; the right to rise, and equal opportunity for honor and fortune.

When Franklin drew the lightning from the clouds, he little dreamed that in the evolution of science his discovery would illuminate the torch of Liberty for France and America. The rays from this beacon, lighting this gateway to the continent, will welcome the poor and the persecuted with the hope and promise of homes and citizenship. It will teach them that there is room and brotherhood for all who will support our institutions and aid in our development; but that those who come to disturb our peace and dethrone our laws are aliens and enemies forever.

RIGHTS OF MEN.

W. A. NORTHCOTT.

[Address while Lieutenant-Governor of Illinois at Springfield, Illinois, Labor Day, September 2, 1901.]

"Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs.
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

GOD never made anything greater than the people. How sublime is the history of the evolution of the rights of men! In liberty-loving Switzerland, whose snow-capped Alps echo to the huntsman's horn, is the great glacier. Long years in forming, it moves so slowly that only the nice ear of the man of snow and ice can catch the music of its motion. But in the fulness of time it becomes the swiftly-moving avalanche, in its terrible force sweeping all before it. The evolution of the rights of men through all the ages has been the slow motion of the glacier, but it comes upon the twentieth century with the swiftness of the avalanche.

Two thousand years ago a Flower Divine closed its petals upon the Cross at Calvary, and to-day it bears its ripened fruit in the spirit of brotherly love that is the basis of all that is best in our present civilization. And, above the avalanche of human rights that has come to bless our times, we look beyond the centuries to the Cross borne by the lowly Nazarene on the far-off hills of Galilee.

The strength of a nation is not in its armies and navies, but in the number of happy homes throughout the land. The strength of a community is in the distribution of political power, religious liberty, intelligence, and wealth among the masses of the people. Not that one man is stronger than his fellows, but that the many are strong. Not that one man is intellectually great, but that the many are intelligent. Not in the universities whose spires kiss the sky, but in the public-school houses on the hills and in the valleys. Not in great wealth concentrated in commercial centers, but in the fact that our laborers have "three square meals" a day and are able to clothe and feed their little children and send them to school. Not that a king is powerful, but that political power is distributed among and rests with the people. These are the conditions that make a nation truly great.

Since the communism and socialistic condition of the tribes of primitive men, there has been no industrial equality. History tells of no golden age of labor. In all these hoary ages labor has been a commodity to be bought in the market the same as horses, coal, iron, etc. Governed by the law of supply and demand, labor has rested under the yoke of the Ricardian law that the wages of toil would always be brought to the level of the cost of the bare living of the toiler. Trusts in the future can do no worse than competition has done in the past in carrying out this "iron law" of wages. Organization and cooperation under the ameliorating influences of our present civilization can, and, I believe, will do much better.

While capital has been organizing and combining, the indi-

vidual has reached out his hand to touch the hand of his fellow-man, until in the United States more than one million working-men form the federation of labor. And thus has come upon us the great spirit of cooperation—the banding together of men. Organization is the breath of life of our present civilization.

The solution of the century's problem will come when the trusts and combinations of capital cooperate with the federation of labor. The great combination of these separate forces makes their cooperation possible. The organization of each will make possible the cooperation of both. Before this time comes capital must learn that its best customer is labor—that high wages bring for the products of capital a generous consumer; that when the laborer is well fed and clothed, his children instructed in our schools, and he has the blessings of a happy home, then he is contented and brings to his employment a strong arm, an intelligent head, and loyal heart. Then, indeed, he is more to the copartnership with capital than the horse, iron, or coal. He is then not a commodity but a partner.

Before this cooperation is complete, the laborer has many things to learn. He must have the wisdom to know his own rights and the courage to maintain them; he must have the discernment to know the rights of others and the fairness to respect them.

Class hate must vanish forever. There is no place in America for hatred between employer and employee, between the rich and the poor. Stars and Stripes are broad enough to cover us all!

Remember that this flower of the evolution of industrial equality will not open its petals to force. Anarchy, riot, mobs, and bloodshed will not advance the cause of labor. And above all and supreme over all is the majesty of the law. He who raises violent hands in infraction of his country's laws insults its flag and dishonors that which protects his life, his home, his wife and children.

Cooperation of labor, to be effective, must be moderate, honest and fair. The greatest progress of the near future will

be in the elevation of the character of labor organizations themselves. Diffusion of intelligence will promote it. Courage and character in their leadership will promote it. The relegation to the rear of their demagogues and false teachers will promote it.

Its most powerful weapon is the ballot, "which executes the will of man, as the lightning executes the will of God." Organization has taken hold of political parties and given them what is called "the machine." It is not evil of itself, except when it gets into evil hands. Let the laborer study this machine, that he may know how it should be controlled. It is not enough that he go to the ballot-box to ratify the caucus action of some political party, but he should go to the primary and the convention, so that he shall be a determining factor in the choice of the public servants of his land and of the laws that shall govern him. Men should be elected for official place "whom the spoils of office cannot buy—men of honor, men who will not lie." The honest and active participation of the laboring man in practical politics is one of the greatest factors in industrial evolution.

The crescent promise of the twentieth century is the harmonious and fair partnership and cooperation of labor and capital. It is the heir of all the ages in the foremost files of time. "It is the genius of American institutions, in the fulness of time, to wipe the last opprobrious stain from the brow of toil and to crown the toiler with the dignity, luster, and honor of a full and perfect manhood."

I will give you the toast of the twentieth century: Here's to Labor and Capital—the organization of each and the cooperation of both!

We should never forget that speech is made up of a series of phrases, and phrases are a series of propositions. The proposition is, therefore, to speech what woof is to a piece of cloth, a sketch to a finished drawing, the study of solfeggio to the brilliant piece of music sung by an artist amid the plaudits of an enthusiastic audience.—*M. Chervin.*

UNION SOLDIER.

JOHN M. THURSTON.
[United States Senator.]

SOMETIMES in passing along the street, I meet a man who, in the left lapel of his coat, wears a little, plain, modest, unassuming brass button. The coat is often old and rusty; the face above it seamed and furrowed by the toil and suffering of adverse years, perhaps beside it hangs an empty sleeve, and below it stumps a wooden leg. But when I meet the man who wears that button, I doff my hat and stand uncovered in his presence—yea! to me the very dust his weary foot has pressed is holy ground, for I know that man, in the dark hour of the nation's peril, bared his breast to the fire of battle to keep the flag of our country in the Union sky.

May be at Donaldson he reached the inner trench; at Shiloh held the broken line; at Chattanooga climbed the flame-swept hill or stormed the clouds on Lookout Heights. He was not born or bred to soldier life. His country's summons called him from the plow, the forge, the bench, the loom, the mine, the store, the office, the college, the sanctuary. He did not fight for greed of gold, to find adventure, or to win renown. He loved the peace of quiet ways, and yet he broke the clasp of clinging arms, turned from the witching glances of tender eyes, left good-bye kisses upon tiny lips to look death in the face on desperate fields.

And when the war was over he quietly took up the broken threads of love and life as best he could, a better citizen for having been so good a soldier.

What mighty men have worn this same bronze button! Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Logan, and a hundred more, whose names are written on the title-page of deathless fame. Their glorious victories are known to men; the history of their country gives them voice; the white light of publicity illuminates them

for every eye. But there are thousands who, in humbler way, no less deserve applause. How many knightliest acts of chivalry were never seen beyond the line or heard above the roar of battle. Let me the story tell of one. On the morning of July 1, 1862, 5,000 Confederate cavalry advanced upon Boonville, Mo., then held by Col. Philip Sheridan with less than a thousand troopers. The Federal line, being strongly intrenched, was able to hold its ground against the greatly superior force. But Sheridan, fearful of being outflanked, directed a young captain to take a portion of two companies, make a rapid detour, charge the enemy in the rear, and throw its line into confusion, thus making possible a simultaneous and successful attack in front. Sheridan said to him: "I expect of your command the quick and desperate work usually imposed upon forlorn hope;" at the same time bidding him what promised to be an eternal farewell. Ninety-two men rode calmly out, knowing the supreme moment of their lives had come. What was in their hearts during that silent ride? What lights and shadows flashed across the cameras of their souls? To one pale boy there came the vision of a quaint old house, a white-haired woman on her knees in prayer, an open Bible by her side, God's peace upon her face. Another memory held a cottage, half embedded in the shade of sheltering trees and clinging vines; stray bits of sunshine round the open door; within, a fair young mother, crooning lullabys above a baby's crib. And one old grizzled hero seemed to see, in mists of unshed tears, a brush-grown corner of the farm-yard fence, and through the rails a blended picture of faded calico and golden curls and laughing eyes. And then the little column halted on a bit of rising ground and faced—destiny!

Before them was a brigade of cavalry, 3,000 strong. That way lay death. Behind them were the open fields, the sheltering woods, safety and—dishonor. Just for a moment every cheek was blanched. A robin sang unheeded from a neighboring limb: clusters of purple daisies bloomed unseen upon

the grassy slope; the sweet fresh breath of early summer filled the air, unfelt by all. They only saw the dear old flag of Union overhead; they only knew that foes of country blocked the road in front; they only heard the ringing voice of their gallant leader ordering the charge, and with a yell the little troop swept on.

> "Flashed every sabre bare,
> Flashed as they turned in air,
> Charging an army,
> While all the world wondered."

So sudden and unexpected was the attack, so desperate and irresistible the charge, that this handful of men cut their way through the heart of a whole brigade. Then, in prompt obedience to the calm command of their captain, they wheeled, reformed and charged again. At this opportune moment, while the Confederates were in confusion, Sheridan's whole line dashed forward with mighty cheers and the day was won.

That night forty of the ninety-two kept their eternal bivouac on the field of battle, their white faces kissed by the silent stars. The captain was left for dead, but, thank God! he still lives; lives to wear the button of a people's love. God bless the men who wear the button! They pinned the stars of Union in the azure of our flag with bayonets, and made atonement for a nation's sin in blood. They took the negro from the auction-block and at the altar of emancipation crowned him—citizen. They supplemented "Yankee Doodle" with "Glory Hallelujah," and Yorktown with Appomattox. Their powder woke the morn of universal freedom and made the name "American" first in all the earth. To us their memory is an inspiration and to the future it is hope.

Articulation may be defined as the act of the tongue by which the consonantal sound is joined to the vowel sound, or the vowel sound to the consonantal sound.—*M. Chervin.*

CAUSE OF THE GRACCHI.

ARTHUR J. CRAVEN.

[Delivered at Inter-State Oratorical Contest, at Indianapolis, Indiana, May, 1882, taking second prize.]

IDEAS, not swords, have filled the past with ruins. Rome was not destroyed by barbarians. True, they captured and pillaged and destroyed a city whose name was Rome, but the fair mistress of the world, the pride of her children, had long been dead; and when the lands of the North stretched out their strong arms to seize a bride, they embraced a corpse.

Ideas, not swords! And among the ideas that scourge mankind none is more potent than that of man's inequality—asserting that men are *not* of the same blood, that we are *not* free and equal, that I shall be king and you shall be slave. It sounds the tocsin of war on the world's battle-fields. It is the great Goliath of history, striding through the centuries, overturning kingdoms, obliterating empires, challenging republics; but no youthful David with sling and stone has yet stepped out from the ranks of the people who can slay and behead this giant of tyranny. As Americans we boast that the Declaration of Independence was his death-warrant, and that our political fabric towers high above his grave. But whence comes this cry of monopoly and the warnings against centralization?

Agrarian reformation derives its importance not merely from its tragical interest in history, but from the fact that it is strangely applicable to present politics. History, with all its ceaseless repetitions, has resurrected from the buried past no problem of such continual importance as the use, rent, and ownership of land.

It was this importance of land ownership which filled the mind of Tiberius Gracchus. On his journey to Spain as an emissary of the Roman government, he clearly saw the dark cloud of imperialism drifting over the desolated fields of Italy.

The small land owners had been driven out. Their homes and mortgaged farms had been seized by the centralizing hand of the rich. Honest toil had lost its incentives. Free labor could not compete with the drudgery of slaves. Slave gangs of stammering barbarians looked sadly from the fields upon the crowds of free laborers flocking to the city. One way, and one way only, led to distinction and glory; and that lay over the bloody corpses of battle-fields or through the passions of the forum. Rome was the center of the world. Her returning armies came back with standards of victory. Long processions of triumph, glittering with the spoils of conquest, were marching beneath her arches. Philosophers and teachers endowed her with knowledge. Her streets were thronged with strangers. But the surrounding fields yielded scanty harvests to the labor of slaves, and over the proud hills and lofty domes of the city hung a cloud of famine which neither sunshine nor breeze could ever dispel.

The very causes, which contributed so largely to the renown of the republic, were hurrying it forward to a speedy decline. Increase of conquest made an increase of captives. The slavery of the captive destroyed the liberty of the freeman. And as farther and farther the tread of the Roman legions advanced through surrounding nations, when far in the East the boundaries were marked by the line of Roman spears, when their standards were raised beyond the Alps, and Roman sails fluttered in every harbor, the broad Mediterranean was freighted with living cargoes, and Rome became the slave-market of the world. In this journey to Spain Tiberius resolved upon the agrarian reform, which determined his career. On the summits of the mountains fringing the northern border he paused and looked back upon Italy. Below were the plains which lately bloomed with the happy homes of peasantry. Away in the distance rose the outlines of Rome. There was his home of royalty—his father the consul; his mother, Cornelia, the daughter of Hannibal's conqueror. There he was the petted favorite in the most

distinguished circles of aristocracy. There he had married the daughter of Appius. There, indeed, lay the path of glory; but it was paved with the oppression of the weak, and wet with the tears of the poor. And there on the mountains he closed his eyes upon visions of wealth, and formed his plan for the relief of his country—a plan as stainless and pure as the snow which crowned the mountain-peaks above him.

In the crowded forum behold the sad tragedy of republics. On the one side iron-fingered monopoly with its deeds and its bonds, on the other, a nation of beggars pleading for bread. Tiberius rises from the side of the aristocrats, and demands that a law already passed should be enforced; that the land of conquest, which Rome had provided for her beggared children, should be wrested from the hands of wealthy usurpers and distributed to those for whom they were designed; that a commonwealth of small land-owners would prove a balm for pauperism and make a bulwark as strong as adamant against centralization. He is scourged and mangled by that maddened aristocracy, and finds his grave in the sands of the Tiber. A brother grows to manhood, and rising in that same forum pleads for poverty, and his lifeless head is held before the gaze of the multitude and rolled at the feet of his mother.

Volumes have been filled with the results of the failure of the martyred Gracchi. The vulture of destruction brooded over the imperial city and perched upon her lofty pinnacles. Murder strode through senate halls and crept with drawn daggers to the bedside of sovereignty. The rivers were stained with the blood of those who lately toiled along their banks.

Almost two thousand years have rolled on. Civilization has fled from her cradle in the East. Here, under western skies, she has built her cities and raised her monuments. To-day we wander back and search for the footprints of her youth. Every mound is sad with its story, every ruin speaks; but none more plainly and solemnly to this Republic of the West than the columns and temples crumbled and decayed because the cause of the Gracchi was lost.

MAN'S DEVELOPMENT AND ATTAINMENT.

HERBERT DICKINSON.

EMPIRES rise and fall, civilizations wax and wane, systems and creeds flourish and die, but man, the type, lives on. Nations pass into oblivion and the world knows them no more; but from the ruin of their greatness there arises a new man, nobler, more willing to admit the fraternity of man, and the fatherhood of God. Rising on the wrecks of his former hopes he presses onward and upward to the goal of his ambition. The forms and means which have aided him in his course, he casts aside, but his supreme destiny he keeps ever in view. The tools, with which he has hewn his way under the pressure of new conditions, are left by the wayside; the scaffolding, by which he has climbed to the heights, totters and falls; and, looking never behind, looking ever before, he strives steadfastly for the things that lie on his horizon.

This is the natural course; this is nature's method. Through the ages there appear evidences of one supreme end, one divine purpose. Viewed in the light of modern science all the complex laws of the natural world look toward one destiny; all the myriad forms of life on our planet tell one story—this story is progression, ever upward from the lower to the higher. The correlated forces of struggle for life of self and struggle for the life of others stand supreme as the means of advance. The struggle for life of self corresponding to egoism, the struggle for the life of others, corresponding to altruism and love, are the forces by which nature ascends toward its destiny. These forces of egoism and altruism in nature prepared the way for the coming of man and made his appearance natural and necessary.

Not only is man the maker of the world of one generation, he is maker of the world to be, and the former of its destiny. The institutions formed, the sacrifices made, the efforts put

forth in the cause of the right, all have their weight in speeding the advance of a better civilization. To-day more life, capital and labor are expended in alleviating the sufferings of the earth's unfortunates than ever before in the world's history, and the effect is already appearing in a more tender public heart, and a more sensitive public conscience. Through the extension of their horizon and the broadening of their interests, the hearts of the men in one section beat in sympathy with the hearts of the suffering ones on the other side of the globe. Grander by far than the tale of the evolution of the human form, and the awakening of the human mind, is the tale of the growth into divinity of the human soul.

Deep in the inner soul of man has ever burned the desire for freedom and truth. In his struggle for these blessings mighty upheavals in the earth's society have been effected, systems and orders have been overthrown. False, cankerous and deadly beliefs fall prone before the steady advance of the Spirit of Truth. Tyranny and corruption bend cringing heads to the keen blade of avenging revolution.

Europe groveled in the darkness of superstition and prejudice for centuries, and there seemed to be no light; but when the strong call of Luther and Huss was heard, and truth was in the ascendant, the people awakened from their stupor, followed even to the stake for their opinions, and their God. France groaned under the weight of aristocracy and plutocracy, and again there seemed to be no light; but, moved to frenzy by the enthusiasm of the leaders, the social volcano burst and the slippery streets of Paris resounded with the cry of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity. Cuba, ground under the heel of oppression and violence, sprang into new and glorious life when in the name of humanity the strong arm of a sister nation was outstretched to give her aid.

Autocracy in government, intolerance in religion, intellectual bondage and moral servitude could, in the olden times, never stand, even though the cost of their removal was paid at the

fiery stake, or in human blood. Nor will they ever stand, but in the new day coming "the war drums will throb no longer" and the ways of reform and conquest will be the ways of peace.

The destiny of man, how will it be attained? Through the perfection of his physical frame? Ah, no. Through his thinking and reasoning faculty? No, again, for "whether there be knowledge it shall vanish away." Man is in essence a spirit, and it will be this nature that will lead him into his great beyond. Man's ultimate perfection will not be attained through the discovery of new laws, for the fundamental laws of the spiritual world are already known, and of these the greatest is love—love uniting the hearts of men into one mighty brotherhood; love feeling for the brother's woe; love rising victorious over death and the grave, and teaching the knowledge of our true God. As men advance in the conception of universal brotherhood, the old social problems, which have so long been the subject of anxious thought, will melt away as the morning mist before the advancing king of day; the artificial laws, which are to-day so necessary for the guidance and control of the people, will be no longer of use, and humanity will bow in obedience to one simple law—the supreme Law of Love.

So, man will journey on, from day to day, toward that land upon whose mountain tops of eternal peace the sun never sets. Here, dwelling together in that unity with God toward which the whole creation has moved, the Father shall gather his children unto Himself, and the heavens will ring with the old sweet song, heard first on the morn of the Nativity, the song of Peace, Good Will to Men.

I am aware that the use of the cough has been objected to by singing-teachers; but, at the same time, I adhere to my own convictions as to the efficacy of the cough. I know, from years of experience in training voices, that the cough, when properly understood and used, can never be otherwise than a healthy practice of the organs.—*James E. Murdoch.*

WESTWARD, HO!

BENJAMIN BARKER ODELL, JR.

[Address while Governor of New York State at Dedication of Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis World's Fair, May 2, 1903.]

"WESTWARD, Ho!" was the cry of the Old World. From the time when the genius of Columbus accepted the theories of the earlier astronomers, the imagination and cupidity of adventurous spirits had been excited by tales of "far-off Cathay." One hundred years ago the protocol for this territory was signed; one hundred years of history has been written; a nation of three millions has expanded into an empire of eighty millions of souls. Our country has not only become a power among the nations of the world, but has taken an advanced position in the progress and work of civilization.

To-day the American flag floats at the very gates of China, and almost in sight of its walls, placed there by American valor and by American arms in a struggle for human rights and liberty. Trackless forests and undulating prairies have become the highways for the speeding engines bearing the burdens of traffic to the Orient. No longer are they the pasturage for the buffalo, but the source of food-supply for the whole world. Treasures of untold value have been laid bare by the ingenuity of man, but far beyond this wealth are the products in grain and lowing kine which add their hundreds of millions to the resources of our country, extending even beyond the dreams or the imagination of those who sought only the precious metals with which to return with a competence to their native land.

Through the golden gates of commerce pours an unceasing stream of immigration, which must be amalgamated with American ideas and American principles. From the earliest settlers has come a blending of the vigor of the Anglo-Saxon with the Teutonic and Latin races, resulting in that composite type which we are wont to recognize and regard as the type of the true American.

Capital and labor are the two great elements upon which the prosperity and happiness of our people rest; and when, therefore, aggregations of the one are met by combinations of the other, it should be the aim of all to prevent the clashing of these great interests. The products of toil are worthless unless there be some means by which they can be substituted or transferred for that which labor requires. The concrete form in which these transactions are conducted is the money power or the capital of the land. Without work, all of these fertile fields, these teeming towns, would have been impossible, and without a desire to benefit and elevate humanity, its onward progress would have been useless.

To work, to labor, is man's bounden duty; and, in the performance of the tasks which have been placed upon him, he should be encouraged, and his greatest incentive should be the knowledge that he may transmit to his children and his children's children a higher civilization and greater advantages than he himself possessed. Trade conditions, which would permit to the toiler but a bare sustenance, the bare means of a livelihood, would be a hindrance to human progress, a hindrance not to be removed by all of the maxims of the philosopher or the theories of the doctrinaire. Promise without fulfilment is barren, but when you can place before the mechanic the assured fact that the performance of his duty means success in life, and that his non-performance means failure; when you can show him that this law is immutable, you have made of him a useful citizen and have instilled into his mind a firm belief that the freedom and liberty of which we boast is not an inchoate substance to be dreamed of but not enjoyed.

The human voice is the flower of the individual, the thermometer and the barometer of the individual's character and culture. To cultivate the voice properly is to cultivate the whole person from head to toe.—*Edgar S. Werner.*

A MANLY FELLOW.

CYRUS NORTHROP.
[President University of Minnesota.]

IF there is any expression which, when applied, brings honor to a young man, it is the expression, "A Manly Fellow." It means so very much that is good, and the absence of so very much that is bad. "He is a manly fellow. He dares do all that may become a man; who dares do more is none." Both in what he dares do and what he dares not do, he is manly. For you will notice that it is quite as manly not to dare to do some things as it is to dare to do the boldest things. There is, for example, hardly any higher praise which a teacher can give a scholar than to say of him that "he scorns to do a mean act." The boy of whom that can be said is the boy who is going to be in after years the kind of man whom you like to meet, whom you can trust, who, in Western phraseology, "will do to tie to." He is going to be the man who, wherever he lives, will be looked up to and be trusted by the community; will be a leader in all measures for the welfare of society; will be the man on whom his pastor can lean with assurance; on whose judgment the business men of his place can rely; to whom the widow and the orphan can go for advice and comfort; and towards whom the eyes of those even who despise and hate the things which he esteems, will turn with involuntary admiration and respect. What this country needs is a larger supply of manly fellows to fill in with—of manly fellows who will stand by one another in defense of everything good, who will hold onto the highest things and yet not let go of the people who are below them; who, without any cant or hypocrisy, but because in a manly way they believe in God and the things which are good, will do their best, by showing in their lives what Christianity really is, to prevent, in this age of hardness and bitterness and growing hate, the Church of Christ from being separated by an impassable gulf from the men and women for whom Christ died. It is a glorious thing

to be this sort of a man, and there never was an age or a country in which such men were so needed or had so blessed a future before them, as now and here. They are needed not merely as commanders or as leaders in the church, but as privates; and in society and in business life they are needed as examples to show that a truly manly fellow can do his duty wherever God puts him, in the ranks just as well as in command.

PRESENT HEROIC ERA IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

ROBERT STUART MACARTHUR.
[Baptist Clergyman.]

WE are always disposed to depreciate the present. We see the past veiled in the mists of memory. We see the future radiant with the splendor of hope; but the present is, to most observers, insignificant, threadbare and commonplace. We stand too near its great events rightly to appreciate their intrinsic or relative importance. Every traveler visiting the valley of Chamouni and gazing for the first time on Mont Blanc, experiences disappointment. The mountain is not so high, not so vast, not so majestic, as he had supposed. He forgets that the valley itself is three thousand four hundred feet above the level of the sea, and more than two thousand feet above Lake Geneva; he forgets that the mountain is surrounded with snow-capped, white-robed and cloud-kissed attendants, themselves beautiful and majestic. Not until he has driven on the magnificent road to Geneva and has looked back upon the mountain lifting its crystal domes and glittering spires fifteen thousand seven hundred and eighty-one feet into God's clear blue or losing them amid the clouds, will he appreciate its grandeur and glory as the king of the Alps.

During the third quarter of the nineteenth century we saw all Germany united into one great empire; we saw France devastated by war, and recuperating with a rapidity as surprising as it was delightful; we saw Italy united, the temporal power of

the Pope forever destroyed and Victor Emmanuel riding in triumph into the Eternal City as king of United Italy. We saw Alexander II. of Russia issuing his imperial ukase and giving liberty to more than forty million serfs. We saw the greatest civil war of the world waged on our shores, the chains of bondage stricken from four million American slaves and we heard the song of liberty rolling across this land from the mighty Atlantic to the mightier Pacific chanted by rejoicing millions, with the music of both oceans as its sublime accompaniment.

But we have not yet fully appreciated the significance of these stirring events. The coming historian will yet show us that the memory of Abraham Lincoln has lifted itself like a mighty dome over the American Republic—a dome through which the sun shines by day and the moon and stars by night, guiding this Republic along a pathway of honor and glory to the first place among the nations of the earth.

We are making with great rapidity an imperishable history. The historian, writing in the middle of the twentieth century, will describe the period in which we are now living as one of the most heroic eras in the history of the human race. Speaking of our days, he will say with great emphasis, and with literal truth, "There were giants in those days."

We began the war with Spain to give liberty to suffering Cubans almost under the shadow of our own flag; but God ordered the war so that the first victory was won practically on the other side of the globe, and the blessing of liberty will be enjoyed by the people of the Philippine Islands, whose condition was in some respects vastly worse than that of the Cubans. We must maintain order within these islands; this obligation we cannot set aside. They came to us by the fortune of war. We did not expect them, perhaps did not, in some sense, desire them; but we destroyed the only recognized government which they had. Before the civilized world we are responsible for the preservation of law and order within their borders. What can we do with these islands? We certainly cannot return them to

Spain; to do so would defeat in great part the high and holy aims with which we began this war. We may not be able to give them to Great Britain, to Japan, or to any other nation; to give them to any one nation would arouse the jealousy of all the nations with possessions in the Orient. We cannot give them over to anarchy. Without doubt we shall be obliged for a considerable time, possibly permanently, to retain possession of this territory thus providentially placed under our control.

Each century has its diapason. The statesman, the publicist, the philanthropist, must catch that unitive note. The eighteenth century went out in revolution and blood; but out of that revolution came the sovereignty of the people, which under God is the chief glory of the nineteenth century. The nineteenth century went out with the spirit of humanity, with the note of brotherhood, with the duty of altruism as its divine bugle-call to the nations of the earth. In this spirit the fife sounded and the pibroch shook the air as the nineteenth century closed and the twentieth century opened.

We have a message to all the nations of the earth. Every stripe in our flag is a herald of humanity, and every star is an evangelist of civil and religious liberty round the globe. We must push out into the Pacific Ocean. History began its sublime achievements on the shores of the Mediterranean. It erected its enduring monuments later on the shores of the Atlantic; and it is now laying the foundations of its grandest triumphs on the shores of the Pacific. Once California was the rear yard of America! Now, California is the front garden of the Orient. The East and the West have joined hands. The nation that controls the Pacific will largely control the world.

These new problems will develop new resources on the part of our people. They will tend to the development of a true civil service reform, of a virile statesmanship and of a world-wide Americanism. The golden age of our politics is thus in the future. We are told that we have not the men to lead in these great movements. But let us be assured that divine Providence

will enable us to carry all the burdens this same Providence lays upon us. Every great hour has its great man. Let us move forward with head elate, with step triumphant, and heart loving and loyal to the high duty, the holy destiny, and the sublime achievements which await the American people!

PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

PERHAPS the most curious and interesting phrase ever put into a public document is "the pursuit of happiness." It is declared to be an inalienable right. It cannot be sold. It cannot be given away. It is doubtful if it can be left by will. The right of every man to be six feet high and of every woman to be five feet four was regarded as self-evident until women asserted their undoubted right to be six feet high also, when some confusion was introduced into the interpretation of this rhetorical fragment of the eighteenth century.

The pursuit of happiness! It is not strange that men call it an illusion. But I am satisfied that it is not the thing itself, but the pursuit, that is an illusion. Instead of thinking of the pursuit, why not fix our thoughts upon the moments, the hours, perhaps the days, of this divine peace, this merriment of body and mind, that can be repeated and perhaps indefinitely extended by the simplest of means, namely, the disposition to make the best of whatever comes to us? Perhaps the Latin poet was right in saying that no man can count himself happy while in this life, that is, in a continuous state of happiness; but as there is for the soul no time save the conscious moment called "now," it is quite possible to make that "now" a happy state of existence. The point I make is that we should not habitually postpone that season of happiness to the future.

Sometimes wandering in a primeval forest, in all the witchery of the woods, besought by the kindliest solicitations of nature,

wild flowers in the trail, the call of the squirrel, the flutter of the bird, the great world-music of the wind in the pine-tops, the flecks of sunlight on the brown carpet and on the rough bark of the immemorial trees, I find myself unconsciously postponing my enjoyment until I shall reach a hoped-for open place of full sun and boundless prospect.

The analogy cannot be pushed, for it is the common experience that these open spots in life, where leisure and space and contentment await us, are usually grown up with thickets, fuller of obstacles, to say nothing of the labors and duties and difficulties, than any part of the weary path we have trod.

The pitiful part of this inalienable right to the pursuit of happiness is, however, that most men interpret it to mean the pursuit of wealth, and strive for that always, postponing being happy until they get a fortune, and if they are lucky in that, find in the end that the happiness has somehow eluded them, that, in short, they have not cultivated that in themselves which alone can bring happiness. More than that, they have lost the power of enjoyment of the essential pleasures of life. I think that the woman in the Scriptures, who, out of her poverty, put her mite into the contribution-box, got more happiness out of that driblet of generosity and self-sacrifice than some men in our day have experienced in founding a university.

The power of oratory can never be overestimated. In some instances, it has controlled the destinies of nations. It is to eloquence, no less than to the sword, that we owe our national independence. Eloquence is more than the easy and graceful expression of thought. It is the art of presenting truth in such a way as to accomplish the end we desire. The aim of eloquence is not so much to please men as to influence their conduct and lead them in the path of right and duty. A speaker may ignore the whole philosophy of a question, and display every grace of style; yet, if he fails to bring about this result, he is merely an essayist and is not an orator.—*George Boddis.*

FRANCE AND ROCHAMBEAU.

HENRY CABOT LODGE.
[United States Senator.]

[Delivered at unveiling of statue of Rochambeau at Washington, D. C., May 25, 1902.]

AGAIN France appears upon the continent where for many years she had played such a great part and had fought so bravely and so unavailingly for dominion. The opportunity had come to wreak an ample vengeance on the power which had driven her from Canada. France would have been more or less than human if she had not grasped the opportunity at once so satisfying to wounded pride and so promising politically. Covertly at first she aided the English colonies, and after the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga the treaty of alliance was signed and France entered into war with Great Britain. The French government aided us with money and with men, by land and by sea, but the decisive force was that which landed at Newport in the long July days of 1730.

To that brave, well-officered, highly-disciplined army we raise a monument to-day by placing here in the nation's capital the statue of its commander. For their service and for his own we owe him a debt of gratitude for which we should here make lasting acknowledgment, one which will stand unchanged beneath the sunshine and the rain long after the words we speak shall have been forgotten.

Rochambeau reached the United States at a dark hour for the American cause. The first fervor of resistance had cooled, the active fighting had subsided in the North, congress had grown feeble and inert, government and finance both dragged heavily, and it seemed as if the revolution so successful in the field would founder upon the rocks of political and executive incapacity. Washington and the army in the midst of almost unparalleled difficulties alone kept the cause alive.

It was a great relief to the heavily burdened Washington to meet such a man as Rochambeau, and yet, even then, as he turned back with lightened heart and lifted hopes, the news of Arnold's treason smote him upon his arrival at West Point. The summer had gone and nothing had been done. Rochambeau was unwilling to move without further reinforcements, and Washington was struggling desperately to wring from a hesitating congress, and from reluctant States, the men, money and supplies absolutely essential if the great opportunity which had now come was not to pass away unused. So the winter wore on, and the spring came, and in May Washington and Rochambeau were again in consultation. Washington was determined to strike a fatal blow somewhere.

But the one vital condition was still lacking. Washington knew that he must command the sea, if only for a month, at the point where he was to deliver the decisive blow. So the days slipped by, the summer waned, and then of a sudden the great condition sprang into life. De Grasse, to whom we owe a debt as great as to Rochambeau, appeared in the Chesapeake with his fleet. No longer was there room for doubt. Cornwallis in Virginia was clearly now the quarry for the allied forces.

Time forbids me to tell the brilliant story of that campaign; of the manner in which De Barras was induced to bring his squadron from the North; of the adroitness with which Clinton was deceived in New York; of the skill and rapidity with which the French and American armies were hurried from New York to the Chesapeake and thence to Yorktown. The great, the golden moment, so longed for by Washington when he could unite both land and sea power, had at last arrived.

Through all the months of weary waiting, through the weeks of rapid march and the hurrying days of siege and battle, there shine out very brightly the fine qualities of the French General. Nothing is more difficult than the management in war of allied forces. Here there was never a jar. Rochambeau was large mind-

ed enough to understand the greatness of Washington, to realize the height of mind and the power of character which invested the American leader with a dignity beyond aught that royal birth or kingly title could confer. No small jealousies marred their intercourse. They wrought together for a common cause.

We unveil this statue in honor of a brave soldier who fought by the side of Washington. We place it here to keep his memory fresh in remembrance and as a monument of our gratitude to France. But let us not forget that we also commemorate here the men who first led in arms the democratic movement which during a century of conflict has advanced the cause of freedom and popular government throughout the world of Western civilization.

ORATORY.

CHARLES WESLEY EMERSON.
[Founder Emerson College of Oratory.]

THE orator who doubts human nature is damned. The great orator speaks for the many and to the many. Classify orators according to the height they attain in speaking to all and it will tell of their popular longevity.

Burke spoke for a great number. He spoke for the voters and to the voters of England; and to-day he is studied by every great politician and statesman who speaks the English language. He did not speak merely to please those who were interested in the politics of his country. They said he was tedious. He was not popular with the few English aristocrats in the Houses of Parliament, but his eloquence was wafted across the deep, and his thoughts came as sweet and as encouraging to our Ship of State, fighting with the billows of old kingly prejudice, as come the waters of the sparkling fountain to thirsty lips. Our hopes revived when we drank his sentences.

From the same age I hear another voice from across the seas like a roll of thunder,—the voice of Chatham. He, too,

spoke for America. Chatham, did you speak for the Colonies alone? "Oh, no, I spoke for England as well as for her children." We have been so strongly influenced by Chatham's voice and by Burke's voice that to-day old England and New England reach across the waters and clasp hands.

Those men spoke for all: for those who sat in courts and on kingly thrones; for the peasant and the aborigine; and their voices were heard by all. Why, Chatham, did you suppose men would realize those high ideals? Ah, Burke, did you think that any would appreciate your sentences except the most refined and cultivated? Burke gave the highest things and gave them to the common people. He did not say, "The common people are swine, and I will not cast my jewels before them."

Webster will be known as long as American history is known, as long as the Constitution of the United States is read, because he did not speak for the North alone, nor for the South alone, nor for the West alone. To be sure, he did speak much for New England, but he always let the light of the Commonwealth of the Union shine upon New England when he spoke.

Phillips was looked upon as a party speaker; but he spoke for something broader than the North above Mason and Dixon's line, something richer than the beautiful Southern States below Mason and Dixon's line; he spoke for *humanity*. So down the ages the eloquence of that man will sing; down the ages will float his impassioned appeal for liberty and his reverence for man.

There is another great orator who is soon to have his name enrolled among the Burkes, the thundering Chathams, the godlike Websters, the silver-tongued Phillipses; and his name is Booker T. Washington. How do I know? Because he is speaking not for the negro race alone, nor for the North alone. He draws the line of criticism that clips many a head in the North. He is not speaking for party alone. Better things have never been advocated for the white man of the South than he has advocated. If he advocated the black man alone he would be condemned as an orator; but he will be heard through the

ages in the great chorus of the other orators I have mentioned. Why? O Booker T. Washington, it is not because you speak for the black man, not because you wrote that eloquent sentence, not because you made that eloquent speech; it is because you have the one thing that makes a man live,—breadth of mind, breadth of purpose, long arms that encompass the whole human family.

If you have simply a nation to advocate, if you have a little party to advocate for party's sake, if you have a little clan to advocate for clan's sake, if you have a little sect to advocate for sect's sake, you will not live long.

The orator is the man whose thoughts are as broad as human life and whose heart throbs in unison with human demands wherever found. Then, and then only, is he the great artist and the great servant of humanity.

COUNTRY REUNITED.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

[Address while President at Atlanta (Georgia) Peace Jubilee, December, 1898, in response to toast, "Our Country."]

I CANNOT withhold from these people my profound thanks for their hearty reception and the good-will which they have shown me everywhere and in every way since I have been their guest. I thank them for the opportunity which this occasion gives me of meeting and greeting them and for the pleasure it affords me to participate with them in honoring the army and the navy, to whose achievements we are indebted for one of the most brilliant chapters of American history.

Under hostile fire, on a foreign soil, fighting in a common cause, the memory of old disagreements has faded into history. From camp and campaign there comes the magic healing which has closed ancient wounds and effaced their scars. For this result every American patriot will forever rejoice. It is no small indemnity for the cost of war.

The government has proved itself invincible in the recent war, and out of it has come a nation which will remain indivisible forevermore. No worthier contributions have been made in patriotism and in men than by the people of these Southern States. When at last the opportunity came they were eager to meet it, and with promptness responded to the call of the country. Intrusted with the able leadership of men dear to them, who had marched with their fathers under another flag, now fighting under the old flag again, they have gloriously helped to defend its spotless folds and added new lustre to its shining stars.

That flag has been planted in two hemispheres, and there it remains, the symbol of liberty and law, of peace and progress. Who will withdraw from the people over whom it floats its protecting folds? Who will haul it down?

The victory we celebrate is not that of a ruler, a President, or of a Congress, but of the people. The army, whose valor we admire, and the navy whose achievements we applaud, was not assembled by draft or conscription, but by voluntary enlistment. The heroes came from civil as well as military life. Trained and untrained soldiers wrought our triumphs.

The peace we have won is not a selfish truce of arms, but one whose conditions presage good to humanity. The domains secured by the treaty yet to be acted upon by the Senate came to us, not as the result of a crusade of conquest, but as the reward of temperate, faithful, and fearless response to the call of conscience, which could not be disregarded by a liberty-loving and Christian people.

We have so borne ourselves in the conflict and in our intercourse with the powers of the world as to escape complaint of complication and give universal confidence in high purpose and unselfish sacrifices for struggling peoples. The task is not fulfilled. Indeed, it is only just begun. This is the time for earnest, not faint hearts. The most serious work is still before us, and every energy of heart and mind must be bent, and the impulses of partisanship subordinated to its faithful execution.

This war was waged, not for revenge or aggrandizement, but for our oppressed neighbors, for their freedom and amelioration. It was short but decisive. It recorded a succession of significant victories on land and sea. It gave new honors to American arms. It has brought new problems to the Republic, whose solution will tax the genius of our people. United we will meet and solve them with honor to ourselves and to the lasting benefit of all concerned. The war brought us together; its settlement will keep us together.

Reunited! Glorious realization! It expresses the thought of my mind and the long-deferred consummation of my heart's desire as I stand in this presence. It interprets the hearty demonstration here witnessed, and is the patriotic refrain of all sections and of all lovers of the Republic.

Reunited! One country again and one country forever! Proclaim it from the press and pulpit! Teach it in the schools! Write it across the skies! The world sees and feels it! It cheers every heart, North and South, and brightens the life of every American home. Let nothing ever strain it again. At peace with all the world and with each other, what can stand in the pathway of our progress and prosperity?

MC KINLEY.

CHARLES EMORY SMITH.

[Address while United States Postmaster-General at McKinley Memorial Services, Albany, N. Y., March 4, 1902.]

"AS long as he lived he was the guiding star of a whole brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets." So wrote Motley of William, the great Prince of Orange, who enlarged a republic and fell under the hand of an assassin. So may we speak of William McKinley. Thrice has our country been called to mourn a murdered President. The hot passions engendered by civil strife impelled the first blow.

The aberration of a disturbed brain, distorted by a perverted view of partisan contention, struck the second. The third came in an hour of profound calm, at a time of universal good feeling, and it was aimed not in any disordered frenzy at the gentle individual, but with cool and stealthy design from the lair of lurking anarchy at the head of the State. The first two left a helpless sorrow; the third leaves a relentless duty. The grace of President McKinley's life and the vicariousness of his sacrifice for the Republic adds to the poignancy of the public grief. "As long as he lived he was the guiding star of a whole brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets."

Heritage molds character and character shapes opportunity. The preparation of William McKinley for his great work began with a sturdy and rugged ancestry, imbued with high principle and with patriotic impulse. He blended the thrift and force and enthusiam of the Scotch-Irish blood with the strength of the Puritan character. On both sides his ancestors fought in the Revolutionary War, as he fought in the war for the Union, and frugal lives, sound intelligence, and sterling citizenship distinguished the race through successive generations.

Both of his parents, neither high-born nor low-born, but well representing the plain people, were of superior quality. In the benignity of the maternal love he was signally blest like Washington, whose mother, when the whole world rang with his fame, could proudly and modestly answer the pæons of praise with the simple words, "He has been a good son, and I believe he has done his whole duty as a man." Under the nurture of such a mother, whom he always cherished with the fondest affection and who, happily, lived to see him President, he learned the elemental lessons of piety and faith and duty, and in his heart were early implanted the enduring principles of conduct and the fixed sense of obedience to obligation which ruled his whole life.

His success was swift and certain. His incomparable charm of manner and beauty of character made friends of all within his range. His skill and ability in counsel and in speech marked

him for sure and recognized leadership. At the age of thirty-three, he was elected to Congress and entered on his extraordinary political career. Thence forward to the untimely end, he advanced with an unbroken growth and a widening power till at last he stood the foremost ruler with the broadest influence on the loftiest pedestal in the world.

No one who did not see the President at close hand during those stormy and trying days of the war with Spain could measure the greatness of his spirit or the courage of his purpose. Of all men in the land he was the coolest, the calmest, and the most clear-sighted. Profoundly moved, anxious beyond all expression, he was, with his waking hours and his sleepless couch, filled with brooding care, but, tranquil, self-contained, sure of his own heart and sure of his own lofty and unselfish aim. It were easy then to lead the way in the passion for war. It needed only to ride the tempest and be borne along by the swift and turbid current. There was everything in such yielding complaisance to appeal to selfish ambition. War is full of glory. This war was certain to be triumphant. Success in war is the sure passport to fame and power. It would inevitably bring enlarged domain, and his would be the honor. Beyond all, this was a war with a righteous cause and an object as righteous and just as ever impelled men to take up arms. But there was another side. War at the best has its costly sacrifices. It makes widows and orphans. It brings tears to the eyes of mothers and fills households with mourning. From all this sadder side the great and gentle soul of William McKinley recoiled. Not for him the pathway of personal ambition strewn with the bloody sacrifices of his people. Not for him the mingled glory and misery of war, however just, unless it were made clear that its rightful and necessary purpose could not be accomplished through peaceful measures.

His was the authority, his the responsibility, his the decision in what was a turning-point in American history, and a new epoch in the course of civilization.

At last it seemed that for the President a time of tranquility and measurable repose, and well-earned enjoyment, had come. His great achievements were secure, and his fixed and well-defined policies remained only to be fulfilled on the lines he had marked out.

The cruel shot at Buffalo rang with horror around the world. His country and all mankind followed the changing aspects with alternations of highest hope and deepest gloom. But through all the fluctuations of that anguishing week, whether encouraged by the highest human skill or looking through the open portal to the eternal morn, he, and he alone, waited with unquailing spirit, with serene patience, and with supreme trust. In that hour he was lifted to his full height. What a noble exhibition of a God-like nature! Would you know his generosity? Recall his words as he looked upon the miscreant: "Don't let them hurt him." Would you understand his thoughtful chivalry? Remember his immediate admonition: "Do not let them alarm my wife." Would you appreciate his considerate courtesy? Turn to his fine sense: "I am sorry that the Exposition has been shadowed." Would you measure his moral grandeur? Dwell upon that final utterance of sublime submission: "It is God's way; His will, not ours, be done."

PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION ADDRESS.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

[President McKinley's last address delivered at Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo, three days before he was assassinated.]

HOW near to the other is every part of the world. Modern inventions have brought into close relation widely separated peoples and made them better acquainted. Geographic and political divisions will continue to exist, but distances have been effaced. Swift ships and fast trains are becoming cosmopolitan. They invade fields which a few years ago were impen-

etrable. The world's products are exchanged as never before, and with increasing transportation facilities come increasing knowledge and a larger trade. Prices are fixed with mathematical precision by supply and demand. The world's selling prices are regulated by market and crop reports. We travel greater distances in a shorter space of time and with more ease than was ever dreamed of by our fathers. Isolation is no longer possible or desirable. The same important news is read, though in different languages, the same day in all Christendom. The quick gathering and transmission of news, like rapid transit, are of recent origin, and are only made possible by the genius of the inventor and the courage of the investor. It took a special messenger of the government, with every facility known at the time for rapid travel, nineteen days to go from the city of Washington to New Orleans with a message to General Jackson that the war with England had ceased and a treaty of peace had been signed. We reached General Miles, in Porto Rico, and he was able through the military telegraph to stop his army on the firing lines with the message that the United States and Spain had signed a protocol suspending hostilities.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century there was not a mile of steam railroad on the globe; now there are enough miles to make its circuit many times. Then there was not a line of electric telegraph; now we have a vast mileage traversing all lands and all seas. God and man have linked the nations together. No nation can longer be indifferent to any other. And as we are brought more and more in touch with each other, the less occasion is there for misunderstandings, and the stronger the disposition, when we have differences, to adjust them in the court of arbitration, which is the noblest forum for the settlement of international disputes.

My fellow-citizens, trade statistics indicate that this country is in a state of unexampled prosperity. The figures are almost appalling. They show that we are utilizing our fields and forests and mines, and that we are furnishing profitable employment to

the millions of workingmen throughout the United States, bringing comfort and happiness to their homes, and making it possible to lay by savings for old age and disability. That all the people are participating in this great prosperity is seen in every American community and shown by the enormous and unprecedented deposits in our savings banks. Our duty in the care and security of these deposits and their safe investment demand the highest integrity and the best business capacity of those in charge of these depositories of the people's earnings. Our capacity to produce has developed so enormously and our products have so multiplied that the problem of more markets requires our urgent and immediate attention. Only a broad and enlightened policy will keep what we have. No other policy will get more. In these times of marvelous business energy and gain we ought to be looking to the future, strengthening the weak places in our industrial and commercial systems, that we may be ready for any storm or strain.

By sensible trade arrangements, which will not interrupt our home-production, we shall extend the outlets for our increasing surplus. A system which provides a mutual exchange of commodities is manifestly essential to the continued and heathful growth of our export trade. We must not repose in fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing. If such a thing were possible, it would not be best for us or for those with whom we deal. We should take from our customers such of their products as we can use without harm to our industries and labor. Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development under the domestic policy now firmly established.

What we produce beyond our domestic consumption must have a vent abroad. The excess must be relieved through foreign outlet, and we should sell everything we can and buy wherever the buying will enlarge our sales and productions, and thereby make greater demand for home labor.

The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of good-will and friendly trade relations will prevent reprisals. Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times; measures of retaliation are not. If, perchance, some of our tariffs are no longer needed for revenue or to encourage and protect our industries at home, why should they not be employed to extend and promote our markets abroad? Then, too, we have inadequate steamship service. New lines of steamships have already been put in commission between the Pacific coast ports of the United States and those on the western coasts of Mexico and Central and South America. These should be followed up with direct steamship lines between the western coast of the United States and South American ports. One of the needs of the times is direct commercial lines from our vast fields of production to the fields of consumption that we have but barely touched. Next in advantage to having the thing to sell is to have the conveyance to carry it to the buyer. We must encourage our merchant marine. We must have more ships. They must be under the American flag, built and manned and owned by Americans. These will not only be profitable in a commercial sense, they will be messengers of peace and amity wherever they go.

We must build the Isthmian canal, which will unite the two oceans and give a straight line of water communication with the western coasts of Central and South America and Mexico. The construction of a Pacific cable cannot be longer postponed. In the furtherance of these objects of national interest and concern you are performing an important part. Let us ever remember that our interest is in concord, not conflict; and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war. We hope that all who are represented here may be moved to higher and nobler effort for their own and the world's good, and that out of this city may come not only greater commerce and trade for us all, but, more essential than these, relations of mutual

respect, confidence and friendship which will deepen and endure. Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness and peace to all our neighbors, and like blessings to all people and powers of earth.

WASHINGTON'S GENIUS.

FRANK WAKELEY GUNSAULUS.
[President Armour Institute of Technology, Chicago.]

[Speech delivered at Chicago Centennial Exercises, April 30, 1889.]

THE inauguration of George Washington and the adoption of the Constitution of the United States are two flowers, brilliant and simultaneous, which grew upon a stalk whose roots ran down deep into the very eternity of God. To-day Cæsar sits before us enthroned upon the rights of the people, but to-day the memory of George Washington is enthroned by all the affections and all the hopes of the American people.

The movement toward liberty which brought about the rebellion of England's Parliament against the king, was the movement which brought the Pilgrim Fathers to America. In 1620 they landed upon our shore. They carried in that Mayflower the same political principles for which Hampton and Cromwell and John Eliot had fought and fought. They brought these conceptions to our land, because it was impossible that they should succeed in England. It took a vast continent, that stretched from ocean to ocean, to take in the splendid conceptions that were on Cromwell's sword.

With the same hunger for liberty there came forth from France the Huguenots. Here came also the Scottish-Irish, bringing with them grand memories of John Knox; memories of their own heathery hills, and singing their own loved songs of freedom. Here came the Swedes of Delaware, who had descended from the soldiers of Gustavus Adolphus, whose fathers and grandfathers had been killed upon the battlefield. Here also stood the cavalier who had fought with the Puritan in

England. He settled Virginia; he brought over his elegant manners, but he had been touched with this same great idea. In Pennsylvania was the Quaker, with his broad hat and his broad understanding. In Massachusetts and Connecticut was the Puritan, the child of those who came in the Mayflower bearing with them the sacred thought for which Cromwell had fought and John Eliot had gone to prison. Where was the man who could incarnate all these powers?

Out of the shadow, at Cambridge, steps George Washington, with his sword flashing with every page of this history, his eye glowing with every touch of this enthusiasm, and that spirit never rested until a new nation was born, and until George Washington stood and asked England to surrender to these new ideas.

It was the old fight. It was Cromwell meeting Charles the First, and at last conquering him. It was the transference of that old conception to our land.

When Washington had finished his course as a soldier, the great ideas with which he had to deal had their grandest battle and their surest triumph. If we call the fields of Yorktown and Valley Forge and Bunker Hill sublime, what shall we call the days of that constitutional convention, where this sublime man sat with the same fearless power that made Gage acknowledge George Washington general of the United States?

At last the Constitution came—the record of noble Americanism, but it is not so noble as the Americanism of George Washington. This man Washington had fought against the monarchy, and he wanted no monarchy in America. Now, it was precisely this thought in Washington which carried his genius on through all our political times until now. He saw that in the compromises of the Constitution there was danger. He knew that some day secession would lift up its head. He could already hear the mutterings of the slave power. And, when Calhoun had staked everything on nullification, it was the genius of George Washington that stood in the stalwart form of old

Andrew Jackson and said, "By the eternal, the Union must be preserved." When Robert Young Hayne, the most skilful orator of the South, stood in the United States Senate, and lifted up the principles of Calhoun in an almost matchless speech, it was the genius of George Washington again that massed its splendid powers into the oratory of the great defender of the Constitution, Daniel Webster, and he made this Union tremble in its citadel as he said: "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

When at last these powers that had lifted themselves up in skilful orations and great State papers, massed themselves at Fort Sumter and hurled against the flag and fortress their shot and shell, it was the genius of George Washington again that stood down yonder in Springfield in the person of Abraham Lincoln and said to the country: "I believe that this country cannot endure half slave and half free." And at last, when our victory came in 1865, it was the genius of this incomparable leader which more than all else seemed to promise for North and South a large and splendid future.

George Washington is the typical leader of our American thought. His genius is American in every fibre. His thought is our hope, and his inspiration shall be our praise. We look at him to-day in the pages of history, far removed from the Cæsars and Napoleons. He is with William of Nassau. He is with Oliver Cromwell. He is with Phocion. He is with the great leaders of the heart and hope of mankind, and we say, "My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof."

Granted that the orator and the actor have equal powers of voice and enunciation; the orator, in presenting his fact, his fancy, his philosophy, speaks through the impressions produced by an unlimited environment. The actor, on the other hand, is limited by the lines of his author; if he goes beyond the author, if he falls short of him, he is a bad illustrator.—*F. F. Mackay.*

NEED OF AN EFFICIENT NAVY.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

[Address at Opening of Naval War College at Newport, R. I., June 2, 1899.]

PREPARATION for war is the surest guarantee for peace. Arbitration is an excellent thing, but ultimately those who wish to see this country at peace with foreign nations will be wise if they place reliance upon a first-class fleet of first-class battle-ships rather than on any arbitration treaty which the wit of man can devise. Nelson said that the British fleet was the best negotiator in Europe, and there was much truth in the saying. Moreover, while we are sincere and earnest in our advocacy of peace, we must not forget that an ignoble peace is worse than any war. We should engrave in our legislative halls these splendid lines of Lowell:

> "Come, Peace! not like a mourner bowed
> For honor lost and dear ones wasted;
> But proud, to meet a people proud,
> With eyes that tell of triumph tasted!"

Peace is a goddess only when she comes with sword girt on thigh. The Ship of State can be steered safely only when it is always possible to bring her against any foe with "her leashed thunders gathering for the leap." A really great people, proud and high-spirited, would face all the disasters of war rather than purchase that base prosperity which is bought at the price of national honor. All the great masterful races have been fighting races, and the minute that a race loses the hard fighting virtues, then, no matter what else it may retain, no matter how skilled in commerce and finance, in science or art, it has lost its proud right to stand as the equal of the best. Cowardice in a race, as in an individual, is the unpardonable sin; and a wilful failure to prepare for danger may in its effects be as bad as cowardice. The timid man who cannot fight; and the selfish, shortsighted, or foolish man who will not take the steps that will enable him to fight, stand on almost the same plane.

No triumph of peace is quite so great as the supreme triumph of war. It is by no means necessary that we should have war to develop soldierly attributes and soldierly qualities; if the peace we enjoy is of such a kind that it causes their loss, then it is far too dearly purchased, no matter what its attendant benefits may be. It may be that some time in the dim future of the race the need for war will vanish, but that time is yet ages distant. As yet no nation can hold its place in the world, or can do any work really worth doing, unless it stands ready to guard its rights with an armed hand. That orderly liberty, which is both the foundation and the capstone of our civilization, can be gained and kept only by men who are willing to fight for an ideal; who hold high the love of honor, love of faith, love of flag, and love of country.

It is true that no nation can be really great unless it is great in peace, industry, integrity, honesty. Skilled intelligence in civic affairs and industrial enterprises alike; the special ability of the artist, the man of letters, the man of science, and the man of business; the rigid determination to wrong no man, and to stand for righteousness—all these are necessary in a great nation. But it is also necessary that the nation should have physical no less than moral courage; the capacity to do and dare and die at need, and that grim and steadfast resolution which alone will carry a great people through great peril.

It can, therefore, be taken for granted that there must be adequate preparation for conflict, if conflict is not to mean disaster. Furthermore, this preparation must take the shape of an efficient fighting navy. We have no foe able to conquer or overrun our territory. Our small army should always be kept in first-class condition, and every attention should be paid to the National Guard; but neither on the north or the south have we neighbors capable of menacing us with invasion or long resisting a serious effort on our part to invade them. The enemies we may have to face will come from over sea; they may come from Europe, or they may come from Asia. Events move

fast in the West; but this generation has been forced to see that they move even faster in the oldest East. Our interests are as great in the Pacific as in the Atlantic, in the Hawaiian Islands as in the West Indies.

This nation cannot stand still if it is to retain its self-respect, and to keep undimmed the honorable traditions inherited from the men who with the sword founded it and by the sword preserved it. We ask that the work of upbuilding the navy and of putting the United States where its should be put among maritime powers go forward without a break. We ask this not in the interests of war, but in the interest of peace. A nation should never fight unless forced to; but it should always be ready to fight. The mere fact that it is ready will generally spare it the necessity of fighting. There are higher things in this life than the soft and easy enjoyment of material comfort. It is through strife or the readiness for strife, that a nation can win greatness.

Peace, like freedom, is not a gift that tarries long in the hands of cowards, or of those too feeble, too short-sighted to deserve it, and we ask to be given the means to insure that honorable peace which alone is worth having.

LABOR AND CAPITAL.

MARCUS A. HANNA.
[United States Senator.]

EVERY man has a vulnerable spot. There is a side to every man's character that is approachable, and the most vulnerable of all methods is kindness. Appeal to his heart and to his mind with reason and you will succeed in establishing a bond of confidence, and that is the foundation. The first thing to be done practically in our efforts to accomplish the union of labor and capital is to establish a condition between the employer and employee of absolute confidence one in the other.

Forget the idea that there are any classes under our free government. Forget that in this great principle of social advancement there is any line of demarkation. Forget that the man who labors with his hands is different from the man who labors with his brain. Bring all together upon that common platform of principle, and then give to it the impulse of your better advantages and education, of your greater and wider experiences, of your ability through material resources, to help every man who needs it, and you have resolved the thing to a practical proposition which will admit of no doubt about its future success, provided you do not tire in doing good.

Take one man whom you know in your community, who works with his hands, whether on the streets, in the shops, or in the factories. Acquaint yourself with the conditions against which he must contend to make a living for himself and family; see what opportunities he has, compare them with your own, and then ask yourself, Is there anything I can do to help the situation? Is there any better way by which you can bring him into closer business relations than to show him that you recognize his manhood and are working for the best conditions the community can give to carry him through the work and trials of life?

A strike nine times out of ten is the result of a misunderstanding or of indifference on the part of one side or the other. Experience has shown that the men who are associated with the civic federation on the part of labor, are just as competent, in conferences upon this subject, just as earnest and just as honest in their treatment of this matter as the other side. Recognize that fact, give them credit, and the battle is more than half won. Make them feel that your interest in them is for the mutual benefit of both, and believe in their sensibleness and their ability to manage their affairs as well as you can manage yours, and you will create a trust that no law can break; the kind of a trust for which you need no constitutional amendment. It is a great, broad principle on which the very foundations of our government rest.

You cannot separate the interests of capital and labor. If it is good for one to be organized for any purpose, it is good for the other for the same reason. They are both good. They are both necessary, as applied to our conditions to-day and to our development for the future. The combination of capital has brought to our industrial institutions greater economic results; it has brought an increase and expansion of trade, and higher wages to the men.

As capital is organized and produces beneficial results, labor, which was organized many years before and has grown in efficiency ever since, will be the first to recognize, and it does recognize to-day, the fact that the organization of capital, and the combination of talent and capital, produce results which give to them better opportunities. When you reflect that many of the great masters in every branch of industry in the United States came from the loom and forge and furnace, you can see the inducement for competition.

The object-lesson stands bright before the operator when he, with his rod, is working at the furnace to-day and remembers that the man, who pays him, once worked there himself. When you attempt to put a check on enterprise backed by ability and brains, you limit all progress by saying that you must not have any organizations, that they are a detriment to the country. They are not. Union is not only strong for the mutual benefit of labor, but strong for the development of enterprise and ability, diverse in their motives, but which, when brought together, form a force which is irresistible. There is a combination not only of money, but of everything that contributes to the successful putting together of material and intellect and ability, and pushing it to its furthest limits, and already that enterprise has reached far beyond the confines of our borders.

The voice appeals to the secret springs of human nature, kindles our imagination, awakens our interest, and forces upon us, unconsciously, a mental activity such as we seldom or never receive through the eye alone.—*Mrs. Alice White De Vol.*

JOHN BROWN.

JOHN HOUSTON FINLEY.

[Delivered at Inter-State Oratorical Contest at Bloomington, Illinois, May, 1887, taking first prize.]

FAR up the wooded slope of one of the Adirondacks there is a lone grave. An old mossy tombstone resting against a huge rock marks it. There are several inscriptions upon the stone. One faintly records the death of a Revolutionary patriot. Beneath it another reads: "John Brown, executed at Charlestown, Va., December 2d, 1859."

One generation makes history, the next records it. It is ours to collect the memorials of our Civil War. The coming centuries will know but two characters as representatives of this period—Lincoln, the Emancipator, and Grant, the Soldier. Yet there is another, who, from his peculiar part in the struggle, cannot be soon forgotten—the grim, gray herald of the conflict. His only monument is a gibbet, his epitaph, "traitor;" yet we seem to hear the war-cry of the Union armies marching to victory, led by that soul whose body lay moldering on the distant mountain.

An old man, Brown left his wild home on the Adirondacks to take part in the slavery struggle in Kansas. With a small band of men, among them his sons, he committed that deed known as the Pottawattamie murders, dragging from their homes at midnight five unarmed pro-slavery men and killing them in cold blood. In the border warfare thus begun he took so prominent a part that the very name of "Old John Brown" was a source of terror to his enemies. When the struggle ended, he left Kansas and conveyed a number of slaves from Missouri to Canada. A few months later he made his startling appearance at Harper's Ferry; seized the national arsenal, held it for two days. Finally captured, he was tried, convicted, and hanged.

Many judge him wholly by these facts. To them his deeds are the plottings of a heart burning for revenge. He entered Kansas to avenge the wrongs of his sons, to fight Missouri, to incite war between the North and South. Urged by his blind insanity and frenzied hate, he made the foolish and criminal attack upon Harper's Ferry, and was rightly adjudged murderer, insurrectionist, traitor.

The life of John Brown would long since have gone out in darkness did it not shine with the light of eternal right and moral heroism. The purpose which inspired his life was the emancipation of the slave, and behind that purpose was compassion for the oppressed. See him as he sits watching through the long winter night by the bedside of a sick child. Note the kindness with which he always treated his prisoners; the gentleness with which, when on trial, he met the curses of his foes, the rebukes of his friends; or see him, as on his way to the gallows, he stoops to kiss that negro child. Can you believe that revenge could live in that heart? Ah! no. It was the wail of a race in bondage ever ringing in his soul that led him on.

The black night of Pottawattamie is past. Through the trees that border the creek, the morning sun shines upon the mutilated and bloody faces of five stark bodies. Where is the murderer? A short distance up the stream in the cover of the forest a little band of roughly-clad men are seated around a rude table. They are silent as one of their number, an old man with long, white beard, in low broken tones asks a morning blessing. There are blood stains on his folded hands. Here is the true man consistent with himself. He saw that dark deed necessary, and he did it. Without the shedding of blood there was no remission of this sin. Slavery was not to be talked, preached, or educated out of existence. Men had talked, but the slave-ships only increased their loads. The slave territory was widening. With Kansas, more would be seized. What other means would answer? "Providence," said he, "has made me an actor, and slavery an outlaw." He took the law into his own hands, but for no

personal interest. He struck, during a national crisis, upon the solid ground of real principle, in a cause not personal, not local, not even national, but human.

Fanatic, madman, fool, if you please; such have been the world's great reformers—men who staked their lives on a principle. With the foresight of a statesman, Brown saw, and said, that slavery and the Union could not exist together; but wiser and more truly patriotic than the statesman who cried, "The Union, slavery or no slavery," he said, "Down with slavery!"

His death made all men either the friends or foes of slavery. Between the North and the South stood John Brown's gibbet. Henceforth it was slavery or Union. Compromise was no longer possible. Had he succeeded, he must have failed. His failure was his success.

> "For humanity sweeps onward; where to-day the martyr stands,
> On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands;
> Far in front the cross stands ready and the crackling faggots burn,
> While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
> To glean up the scattered ashes into history's golden urn."

Fearlessly, heroically, he met his fate. Traitor? Then were the brave who fell at Lexington traitors. They taught us this: "That we may resist with arms a law which violates the principles of natural justice." Emmet did it in Ireland; Wallace, in Scotland; Garibaldi, in Italy, and we honor them; John Brown did it in America, the land of the free, and we hanged him.

Is this his fitting and final reward? The soaring shaft that stands by Potomac's stream answers, "No." The monuments, which a grateful people have erected to the memory of those who died for the slave, say, "No." The gratitude of millions freed from bondage says, "No." And the day will come when even the mountains of Virginia will echo back the answer, "No."

A MESSAGE TO GARCIA.

ELBERT HUBBARD.

WHEN war broke out between Spain and the United States it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the Insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba—no one knew where. No mail or telegraph message could reach him. The President must secure his co-operation, and quickly.

What to do!

Some one said to the President, "There's a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you, if anybody can." Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia. How "the fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, and sealed it up in an oilskin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the island, having traversed the hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia, are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail.

The point I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, "Where is he at?" By the Eternal! there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book-learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebræ which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies; do the thing—"Carry a message to Garcia!"

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias. No man who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed but has been well-nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man—the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it. Slip-shod assistance,

foolish inattention, dowdy indifference and half-hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds, unless by hook or crook, or threat, he forces or bribes other men to assist him; or, mayhap, God in His goodness performs a miracle, and sends him an angel of light for an assistant.

My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away as well as when he is at home. The man who, when given a letter to Garcia, quietly takes the missive without asking any idiotic question, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but deliver it, never gets "laid off," nor has to go on strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long, anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks for shall be granted; his kind is so rare that no employer can afford to let him go. He is wanted in every town, city and village—in every office, shop, store and factory. The world cries out for such; he is needed, and needed badly—the man who can carry a message to Garcia.

LINCOLN: A MAN CALLED OF GOD.

JOHN M. THURSTON.
[United States Senator.]

[Address before Chicago Lincoln Association, February 12, 1891.]

GOD'S providence has raised up a leader in every time of a people's exceeding need. Moses, reared in the family of Pharaoh, initiated in the sublime mysteries of the priestcraft of Egypt, partaking of the power and splendor of royal family and favor, himself a ruler and almost a king, was so moved by the degraded and helpless condition of his enslaved brethren that for their sake he undertook what to human understanding seemed the impossible problem of deliverance.

A peasant girl, a shepherdess, dreaming on the hills of France, feels her simple heart burn with the story of her coun-

try's wrongs. Its army beaten, shattered and dispersed; its fields laid waste; its homes pillaged and burned; its people outraged and murdered; its prince fleeing for life before a triumphant and remorseless foe. Hope for France was dead. Heroes, there were none to save. What could a women do? Into the soul of this timid, unlettered mountain maid there swept a flood of giorious resolve. Some power, unknown to man, drew back the curtain from the glass of fate and bade her look therein. As in a vision, she sees a new French army, courageous, hopeful, victorious, invincible. A girl, sword in hand, rides at its head; before it the invaders flee. She sees France restored, her fields in bloom, her cottages in peace, her people happy, her prince crowned.

The rail-splitter of Illinois became President of the United States in the darkest hour of the nation's peril. Inexperienced and untrained in governmental affairs, he formulated national politics, overruled statesmen, directed armies, removed generals, and, when it became necessary to save the Republic, set at nought the written Constitution. He amazed the politicians and offended the leaders of his party; but the people loved him by instinct, and followed him blindly. The child leads the blind man through dangerous places, not by reason of controlling strength and intelligence, but by certainty of vision. Abraham Lincoln led the nation along its obscure pathway, for his vision was above the clouds, and he stood in the clear sunshine of God's indicated will. So stands the mountain while the murky shadows thicken at its base, beset by the tempest, lashed by the storm, darkness and desolation on every side; no gleam of hope in the lightning's lurid lances, nor voice of safety in the crashing thunderbolts; but high above topmost mist, vexed by no wave of angry sound, kissed by the sun of day, wooed by the stars of night, the eternal summit lifts its snowy crest, crowned with the infinite serenity of peace.

"And God said—let there be light, and there was light." Light on the ocean, light on the land.

"And God said—let there be light, and there was light." Light from the Cross of Calvary, light from the souls of men.

"And God said,—let there be light, and there was light." Light from the Emancipation Proclamation, light on the honor of the nation, light on the Constitution of the United States, light on the black faces of patient bondmen, light on every standard of freedom throughout the world.

From the hour in which the cause of the Union became the cause of liberty, from the hour in which the flag of the Republic became the flag of humanity, from the hour in which the Stars and Stripes no longer floated over a slave; yea, from the sacred hour of the nation's new birth, that dear old banner never faded from the sky, and the brave boys who bore it never wavered in their onward march to victory.

After a quarter of a century of peace and prosperity, all children of our common country kneel at the altar of a united faith. The blue and the gray lie in eternal slumber side by side. Heroes all, they fell face to face, brother against brother, to expiate a nation's sin. The lonely firesides and the unknown graves, the memory of the loved, the yearning for the lost, the desolated altars and the broken hopes, are past recall. The wings of our weak protest beat in vain against the iron doors of fate. But through the mingled tears that fall alike upon the honored dead of both the North and South, turn hopeful eyes to that new future of prosperity and power, possible only in the shelter of the dear old flag. To the conquerors and conquered, to the white man and the black, to the master and the slave, Abraham Lincoln was God's providence.

Oratory is an acquired art; it lies in invention, arrangement, expression and delivery. Eloquence can consist in a look or an action, or even be on a printed page. Oratory must always be accompanied with speech. Eloquence voices one's own feelings. Coming as it does from the heart, it speaks to the heart. Oratory is more of an imitative art; it is subject to rule; it can describe what is felt in another.—*P. J. Burrell.*

AMERICAN MOTHERHOOD.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

[Address while President before National Congress of Mothers, Washington, D. C., March 13, 1905.]

IN our modern industrial civilization there are many and grave dangers to counterbalance the splendors and the triumphs. It is not a good thing to see cities grow at disproportionate speed relatively to the country; for the small land-owners, the men who own their little homes, and therefore to a very large extent the men who till farms, the men of the soil, have hitherto made the foundation of lasting national life in every State; and, if the foundation becomes either too weak or too narrow, the superstructure, no matter how attractive, is in imminent danger of falling.

But far more important than the question of the occupation of our citizens is the question of how their family life is conducted. No matter what that occupation may be, as long as there is a real home and as long as those who make up that home do their duty to one another, to their neighbors and to the State, it is of minor consequence whether the man's trade is plied in the country or the city, whether it calls for the work of the hands or for the work of the head.

No piled up wealth, no splendor of material growth, no brilliance of artistic development, will permanently avail any people unless its home life is healthy, unless the average man possesses honesty, courage, common sense, and decency, unless he works hard and is willing at need to fight hard; and unless the average woman is a good wife, a good mother, able and willing to perform the first and greatest duty of womanhood, able and willing to bear, and bring up as they should be brought up, healthy children, sound in body, mind, and character.

There are certain old truths which will be true as long as this world endures. One of these is that the primary duty of the husband is to be the home-maker, the breadwinner for his wife and children, and that the primary duty of the woman is to be the helpmate, the housewife, and mother. The woman should have ample educational advantages; but, save in exceptional cases, the man must be, and she need not be, trained for a lifelong career as the family breadwinner; and, therefore, after a certain point, the training of the two must normally be different because the duties of the two are normally different. On the whole, I think the duty of the woman the more important, the more difficult, and the more honorable of the two; on the whole, I respect the woman who does her duty even more than I respect the man who does his.

No ordinary work done by a man is either as hard or as responsible as the work of a woman who is bringing up a family of small children; for upon her time and strength demands are made not only every hour of the day but often every hour of the night. She may have to get up night after night to take care of a sick child, and yet must by day continue to do all her household duties as well; and, if the family means are scant, she must usually enjoy even her rare holidays taking her whole brood of children with her. Above all, our sympathy and regard are due to the struggling wives among those whom Abraham Lincoln called the plain people, and whom he so loved and trusted; for the lives of these women are often led on the lonely heights of quiet, self-sacrificing heroism.

Just as the happiest and most honorable and most useful task that can be set any man, is to earn enough for the support of his wife and family, for the bringing up and the starting in life of his children, so the most important, the most honorable and desirable task which can be set any woman is to be a good and wise mother in a home marked by self-respect and mutual forbearance, by willingness to perform duty, and by refusal to sink into self-indulgence or avoid that which entails effort and

self-sacrifice. No mother has an easy time, the most mothers have very hard times; and yet what true mother would barter her experience of joy and sorrow in exchange for a life of cold selfishness?

The woman who is a good wife, a good mother, is entitled to our respect as is no one else; but she is entitled to it only because, and so long as, she is worthy of it. I do not in the least believe in the patient Griselda type of woman, in the woman who submits to gross and long-continued ill treatment, any more than I believe in a man who tamely submits to wrongful aggression. No wrong-doing is so abhorrent as wrong-doing by a man toward the wife and the children who should arouse every tender feeling in his nature. Selfishness toward them, lack of tenderness toward them, lack of consideration for them, above all, brutality in any form toward them, should arouse the heartiest scorn and indignation in every upright soul.

I believe in the woman keeping her self-respect just as I believe in the man doing so. I believe in her rights just as much as I believe in the man's, and indeed a little more; and I regard marriage as a partnership in which each partner is in honor bound to think of the rights of the other as well as of his or her own. But I think that the duties are even more important than the rights; and in the long run I think that the reward is ampler and greater for duty well done, than for the insistence upon individual rights, necessary though, this, too, must often be. Your duty is hard, your responsibility great; but greatest of all is your reward.

Into the woman's keeping is committed the destiny of the generations to come after us. In bringing up children, mothers must remember that, while it is essential to be loving and tender, it is no less essential to be wise and firm. Foolishness and affection must not be treated as interchangeable terms. Some children will go wrong in spite of the best training; and some will go right even when their surroundings are most unfortunate; nevertheless an immense amount depends upon the

family training. If mothers through weakness bring up sons to be selfish and to think only of themselves, they will be responsible for much sadness among the women who are to be their wives in the future. If you let your daughters grow up idle, you are preparing them to be useless to others and burdens to themselves. Teach boys and girls alike that they are not to look forward to lives spent in avoiding difficulties, but to lives spent in overcoming difficulties. Teach them that work, for themselves and also for others, is not a curse but a blessing; seek to make them happy, to make them enjoy life, but seek also to make them face life with the steadfast resolution to wrest success from labor and adversity, and to do their whole duty before God and to man. Surely, she who can thus train her sons and her daughters is thrice fortunate among women.

There are many good people who are denied the supreme blessing of children, and for these we have the respect and sympathy always due to those who, from no fault of their own, are denied any of the other great blessings of life. But the man or woman who deliberately foregoes these blessings, whether from viciousness, coldness, shallow-heartedness, self-indulgence, or mere failure to appreciate aright the difference between the all-important and the unimportant,—why, such a creature merits contempt as hearty as any visited upon the soldier who runs away in battle, or upon the man who refuses to work for the support of those dependent upon him, and who, though able-bodied, is yet content to eat in idleness the bread which others provide.

Even apart from the vital question of national life, and regarding only the individual interest of the children themselves, happiness in the true sense is a hundredfold more apt to come to any given member of a healthy family of healthy-minded children, well brought up, well educated, but taught that they must shift for themselves, must win their own way, and by their own exertions make their own positions of usefulness, than it is apt to come to those whose parents themselves have

acted on and have trained their children to act on, the selfish and sordid theory that the whole end of life is to "taste a few good things."

To sum up, then, the whole matter is simple enough. If either a race or an individual prefers the pleasure of mere effortless ease, of self-indulgence, to the infinitely deeper, the infinitely higher pleasures that come to those who know the toil and the weariness, but also the joy, of hard duty well done, why, that race or that individual must inevitably in the end pay the penalty of leading a life both vapid and ignoble. No man and no woman really worthy of the name can care for the life spent solely or chiefly in the avoidance of risk and trouble and labor. Save in exceptional cases the prizes worth having in life must be paid for, and the life worth living must be a life of work for a worthy end, and ordinarily of work more for others than for one's self.

The woman's task is not easy—no task worth doing is easy—but in doing it, and when she has done it, there shall come to her the highest and holiest joy known to mankind; and, having done it, she shall have the reward prophesied in Scripture; for her husband and her children, yes, and all people who realize that her work lies at the foundation of all national happiness and greatness, shall rise up and call her blessed.

Nothing brings heart within touching distance of heart like the tongue. Speaking seems nature's means of informing and of moving men. In no country is this more specifically true than in ours, owing to the nature of our institutions. Here all men are free—free to think, believe, and utter what they will. Public opinion, especially in political matters, is largely formed by means of public speaking. Our laws are made and applied largely by public speaking; hence, he who cannot speak often fails to rise in these departments. Therefore, in a government by the people, the tongue is a power.—*George W. Hoss.*

WORK DONE FOR HUMANITY.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.
[1839-1898.]

[Famous Temperance Advocate.]

[Address before 1890 Convention World's Women's Christian Temperance Union at Atlanta, Georgia.]

HISTORY shows us with what tenacity the human race survives. Earthquake, famine, and pestilence have done their worst, but over them rolls a healing tide of years and they are lost to view; on sweeps the great procession, and hardly shows a scar. Rulers, around whom clustered new forms of civilization, pass away; but greater men succeed them. Nations are rooted up; great hopes seem blighted; revolutions rise and rivers run with the blood of patriots; the globe itself seems headed toward the abyss; new patriots are born; higher hopes bloom out like stars; humanity emerges from the dark ages vastly ahead of what it was on entering that cave of gloom, and ever the right comes uppermost; and now is Christ's kingdom nearer than we at first believed.

Only those who have not studied history, lose heart in great reforms; only those unread in the biography of genius, imagine themselves to be original. Except in the realm of material invention, there is nothing new under the sun. There is no reform that some great soul has not dreamed of centuries ago; there is not a doctrine that some father of the church has not set forth. The Greek philosophers and early Christian Fathers boxed the compass once for all; we may take our choice of what they have left on record. Let us then learn a wise humility, but at the same time a humble wisdom, as we remember that there are but two classes of men—one which declares that our times are the worst the world has seen, and another which claims our times as best—and he who claims this, all revelation, all science, all history witnesses, is right and will be right forevermore.

The most normal and the most perfect human being is the

one who most thoroughly addresses himself to the activity of his best powers, gives himself most thoroughly to the world around him, flings himself out into the midst of humanity, and is so preoccupied by his own beneficent reaction on the world that he is practically unconscious of a separate existence. Introspection and retrospection were good for the cloister; but the uplook, the outlook and the onlook are alone worthy the modern Christian. To change the figure, a normal Christian stands in the midst of a great, beautiful and varied landscape. It is the landscape of beneficent work. Above him reaches the boundless skies, brilliant with the stars of God and heaven.

Love and friendship form a beautiful rainbow over his landscape and reach up toward his sky. But the only two great environments of the soul are work for humanity and faith in God. Those wounded in love will find that affection, dear and vital as it is, comes to us not as the whole of life, not as its wide, wondrous landscape of the earth, not as its beautiful vision of the sky, but as its beautiful embellishment, its rainbow fair and sweet. But were it gone, there would still remain the two greatest and most satisfying pictures on which the soul can gaze —humanity and God.

History proves that the orator is made or developed, as is the engineer, physician or architect is developed. Demosthenes made herculean labors in order to train himself for speaking, shutting himself in a cave, declaiming with pebbles in his mouth by the seashore, and while running uphill; also with a sword suspended over his shrugging shoulders. Cicero spent much of his time from his seventeenth to his thirtieth year in the study and practice of oratory. Pitt studied and practiced elocution with great diligence. He went twice through Bailey's Dictionary, conning it word by word, and he translated Demosthenes's principal orations. "Stuttering Jack Curran" adopted a discipline almost as severe as that of Demosthenes. Other examples are found in Sheridan, Disraeli, Clay, Webster, Beecher, to prove that the speaker is not born but made.—*George W. Hoss.*

TRIBUTE TO MCKINLEY.

JOHN HAY.
[1838-1905.]

[Memorial Address, while United States Secretary of State, at joint Session of Senate and House of Representatives, Washington (D. C.) Capitol, February 27, 1903.]

FOR the third time the Congress of the United States is assembled to commemorate the life and death of a President slain by the hand of an assassin. The attention of the future historian will be attracted to the features which reappear with startling sameness in all three of these awful crimes: the uselessness, the utter lack of consequence of the act; the obscurity, the insignificance of the criminal; the blamelessness—so far as in our sphere of existence the best of men may be held blameless—of the victim. Not one of our murdered Presidents had an enemy in the world; they were all of such preeminent purity of life that no pretext could be given for the attack of passional crime; they were all men of democratic instincts, who could never have offended the most jealous advocates of equality; they were of kindly and generous nature, to whom wrong or injustice was impossible; of moderate fortune, whose slender means nobody could envy. They were men of austere virtue, of tender heart, of eminent abilities, which they had devoted with single minds to the good of the Republic. If ever men walked before God and man without blame, it was these three rulers of our people. The only temptation to attack, which their lives offered, was their gentle radiance,—to eyes hating the light, that was offence enough.

The stupid uselessness of such an infamy affronts the common sense of the world. One can conceive how the death of a dictator may change the political conditions of an empire; how the extinction of a narrowing line of kings may bring in an alien dynasty. But in a well-ordered Republic like ours, the ruler may fall, but the State feels no tremor. Our beloved and revered

leader is gone—but the natural process of our laws provides us a successor, identical in purpose and ideals, nourished by the same teachings, inspired by the same principles, pledged by tender affection as well as by high loyalty to carry to completion the immense task committed to his hands, and to smite with iron severity every manifestation of that hideous crime which his mild predecessor, with his dying breath, forgave. The sayings of celestial wisdom have no date; the words that reach us, over two thousand years, out of the darkest hour of gloom the world has ever known, are true to life to-day: "They know not what they do." The blow struck at our dear friend and ruler was as deadly as blind hate could make it; but the blow struck at anarchy was deadlier still.

How many countries can join with us in the community of a kindred sorrow! I will not speak of those distant regions where assassination enters into the daily life of government. But among the nations bound to us by the ties of familiar intercourse—who can forget that wise and mild autocrat who had earned the proud title of the liberator? that enlightened and magnanimous citizen whom France still mourns? that brave and chivalrous king of Italy who only lived for his people? and, saddest of all, that lovely and sorrowing empress, whose harmless life could hardly have excited the animosity of a demon? Against that devilish spirit nothing avails,—neither virtue nor patriotism, nor age nor youth, nor conscience nor pity. We can not even say that education is a sufficient safeguard against this baleful evil,—for most of the wretches, whose crimes have so shocked humanity in recent years, were men not unlettered, who have gone from the common schools, through murder, to the scaffold.

The life of William McKinley was, from his birth to his death, typically American. There is no environment, I should say, anywhere else in the world which could produce just such a character. He was born into that way of life which elsewhere is called the middle class, but which in this country is so nearly

universal as to make of other classes an almost negligible quantity. He was neither rich nor poor, neither proud nor humble; he knew no hunger he was not sure of satisfying, no luxury which could enervate mind or body. His parents were sober, God-fearing people; intelligent and upright, without pretension and without humility. He grew up in the company of boys like himself, wholesome, honest, self-respecting. They looked down on nobody; they never felt it possible they could be looked down upon. Their houses were the homes of probity, piety, patriotism. They learned in the admirable school-readers of fifty years ago the lessons of heroic and splendid life which have come down from the past. They read in the weekly newspapers the story of the world's progress, in which they were eager to take part, and of the sins and wrongs of civilization with which they burned to do battle. It was a serious and thoughtful time. The boys of that day felt dimly, but deeply, that days of sharp struggle and high achievement were before them. They looked at life with the wondering yet resolute eyes of a young esquire in his vigil of arms. They felt a time was coming when to them should be addressed the stern admonition of the Apostle, "Quit you like men; be strong."

The men who are living to-day and were young in 1860 will never forget the glory and glamor that filled the earth and the sky when the long twilight of doubt and uncertainty was ending and the time for action had come. A speech by Abraham Lincoln was an event not only of high moral significance, but of far-reaching importance; the drilling of a militia company by Ellsworth attracted national attention; the fluttering of the flag in the clear sky drew tears from the eyes of young men. Patriotism, which had been a rhetorical expression, became a passionate emotion, in which instinct, logic and feeling were fused. The country was worth saving; it could be saved only by fire; no sacrifice was too great; the young men of the country were ready for the sacrifice; come weal, come woe, they were ready.

At seventeen years of age William McKinley heard this sum-

mons of his country. He was the sort of youth to whom a military life in ordinary times would possess no attractions. His nature was far different from that of the ordinary soldier. He had other dreams of life, its prizes and pleasures, than that of marches and battles. But to his mind there was no choice or question. The banner floating in the morning breeze was the beckoning gesture of his country. The thrilling notes of the trumpet called him—him and none other—into the ranks. His portrait in his first uniform is familiar to you all, the short, stocky figure; the quiet, thoughtful face; the deep, dark eyes. It is the face of a lad who could not stay at home when he thought he was needed in the field. He was of the stuff of which good soldiers are made. Had he been ten years older he would have entered at the head of a company and come out at the head of a division. But he did what he could. He enlisted as a private; he learned to obey. His serious, sensible ways, his prompt, alert efficiency soon attracted the attention of his superiors. He was so faithful in little things that they gave him more and more to do. He was untiring in camp and on the march; swift, cool and fearless in fight. He left the army with field rank when the war ended, brevetted by President Lincoln for gallantry in battle.

In coming years when men seek to draw the moral of our great Civil War, nothing will seem to them so admirable in all the history of our two magnificent armies as the way in which the war came to a close. When the Confederate army saw the time had come, they acknowledged the pitiless logic of facts and ceased fighting. When the army of the Union saw it was no longer needed, without a murmur or question, making no terms, asking no return, in the flush of victory and fulness of might, it laid down its arms and melted back into the mass of peaceful citizens. There is no event since the nation was born which has so proved its solid capacity for self-government. Both sections share equally in that crown of glory. They had held a debate of incomparable importance and had fought it out with

equal energy. A conclusion had been reached—and it is to the everlasting honor of both sides that they each knew when the war was over and the hour of a lasting peace had struck. We may admire the desperate daring of others who prefer annihilation to compromise, but the palm of common sense, and, I will say, of enlightened patriotism, belongs to the men like Grant and Lee, who knew when they had fought enough for honor and for country.

So it came naturally about that in 1876—the beginning of the second century of the Republic—he began, by an election to Congress, his political career. Thereafter for fourteen years this chamber was his home. I use the word advisedly. Nowhere in all the world was he so in harmony with his environment as here; nowhere else did his mind work with such full consciousness of its powers. The air of debate was native to him; here he drank delight of battle with his peers. In after days, when he drove by this stately pile, or when, on rare occasions, his duty called him here, he greeted his old haunts with the affectionate zest of a child of the house; during all the last ten years of his life, filled as they were with activity and glory, he never ceased to be homesick for this hall. When he came to the presidency, there was not a day when his congressional service was not of use to him. Probably no other president has been in such full and cordial communion with Congress, if we may except Lincoln alone. McKinley knew the legislative body thoroughly, its composition, its methods, its habit of thought. He had the profoundest respect for its authority and an inflexible belief in the ultimate rectitude of its purposes. Our history shows how surely an executive courts disaster and ruin by assuming an attitude of hostility or distrust to the legislature; and, on the other hand, McKinley's frank and sincere trust and confidence in Congress were repaid by prompt and loyal support and cooperation. During his entire term of office this mutual trust and regard—so essential to the public welfare—was never shadowed by a single cloud.

When he came to the presidency he confronted a situation of the utmost difficulty, which might well have appalled a man of less serene and tranquil self-confidence. There had been a state of profound commercial and industrial depression from which his friends had said his election would relieve the country. Our relations with the outside world left much to be desired. The feeling between the Northern and Southern sections of the Union was lacking in the cordiality which was necessary to the welfare of both. Hawaii had asked for annexation and had been rejected by the preceding administration. There was a state of things in the Caribbean which could not permanently endure. Our neighbor's house was on fire, and there were grave doubts as to our rights and duties in the premises. A man either weak or rash, either irresolute or headstrong, might have brought ruin on himself and incalculable harm to the country.

The least desirable form of glory to a man of his habitual mood and temper—that of successful war—was nevertheless conferred upon him by uncontrollable events. He felt it must come; he deplored its necessity; he strained almost to breaking his relations with his friends, in order first to prevent and then to postpone it to the latest possible moment. But when the die was cast, he labored with the utmost energy and ardor, and with an intelligence in military matters which showed how much of the soldier still survived in the mature statesman, to push forward the war to a decisive close. War was an anguish to him; he wanted it short and conclusive. His merciful zeal communicated itself to his subordinates, and the war, so long dreaded, whose consequences were so momentous, ended in a hundred days.

Mr. McKinley was reelected by an overwhelming majority. There had been little doubt of the result among well-informed people, but when it was known, a profound feeling of relief and renewal of trust were evident among the leaders of capital and industry, not only in this country, but everywhere. They felt

that the future was secure, and that trade and commerce might safely push forward in every field of effort and enterprise.

He felt that the harvest time was come, to garner in the fruits of so much planting and culture, and he was determined that nothing he might do or say should be liable to the reproach of a personal interest. Let us say frankly he was a party man; he believed the policies advocated by him and his friends counted for much in the country's progress and prosperity. He hoped in his second term to accomplish substantial results in the development and affirmation of those policies. I spent a day with him shortly before he started on his fateful journey to Buffalo. Never had I seen him higher in hope and patriotic confidence. He was gratified to the heart that we had arranged a treaty which gave us a free hand in the Isthmus. In fancy he saw the canal already built and the argosies of the world passing through it in peace and amity. He saw in the immense evolution of American trade the fulfilment of all his dreams, the reward of all his labors. He was, I need not say, an ardent protectionist, never more sincere and devoted than during those last days of his life. He regarded reciprocity as the bulwark of protection—not a breach, but a fulfilment of the law. The treaties which for four years had been preparing under his personal supervision he regarded as ancillary to the general scheme. He was opposed to any revolutionary plan of change in the existing legislation; he was careful to point out that everything he had done was in faithful compliance with the law itself.

In that mood of high hope, of generous expectation, he went to Buffalo, and there, on the threshold of eternity, he delivered that memorable speech, worthy for its loftiness of tone, its blameless morality, its breadth of view, to be regarded as his testament to the nation. Through all his pride of country and his joy of its success, runs the note of solemn warning, as in Kipling's noble hymn, "Lest We Forget."

The next day sped the bolt of doom, and for a week after—

in an agony of dread, broken by illusive glimpses of hope that our prayers might be answered—the nation waited for the end. Nothing in the glorious life we saw gradually waning was more admirable and exemplary than its close. The gentle humanity of his words when he saw his assailant in danger of summary vengeance, "Do not let them hurt him;" his chivalrous care that the news should be broken gently to his wife; the fine courtesy with which he apologized for the damage which his death would bring to the great Exhibition; and the heroic resignation of his final words, "It is God's way; His will, not ours, be done," were all the instinctive expressions of a nature so lofty and so pure, that pride in its nobility at once softened and enhanced the nation's sense of loss. The Republic grieved over such a son,—but is proud for ever of having produced him. After all, in spite of its tragic ending, his life was extraordinarily happy. He had, all his days, troops of friends, the cheer of fame and fruitful labor; and he became at last,

"On fortune's crowning slope,
The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire."

WHY I AM A REPUBLICAN.

ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT.

[1822-1887.]

[American General and twice President of the United States.]

I AM a Republican, as the two great political parties are now divided, because the Republican party is a national party seeking the greatest good for the greatest number of citizens. There is not a precinct in this vast nation where a Democrat can not cast his ballot and have it counted as cast. No matter what the prominence of the opposite party, he can proclaim his political opinions, even if he is only one among a thousand, without fear and without proscription on account of his opinions. There are fourteen States, and localities in some other States, where Republicans have not this privilege. This is

one reason why I am a Republican.

But I am a Republican for many other reasons. The Republican party assures protection to life and property, the public credit, and the payment of the debts of the government, State, county, or municipality, so far as it can control. The Democratic party does not promise this; if it does, it has broken its promises to the extent of hundreds of millions, as many Northern Democrats can testify to their sorrow. I am a Republican, as between the existing parties, because it fosters the production of the field and farm, and of manufactories, and it encourages the general education of the poor as well as the rich.

The Democratic party discourages all these when in absolute power. The Republican party is a party of progress, and of liberty toward its opponents. It encourages the poor to strive to better their children, to enable them to compete successfully with their more fortunate associates, and it secures an entire equality before the law of every citizen, no matter what his race, nationality, or previous condition. It tolerates no privileged class. Everyone has the opportunity to make himself all he is capable of.

Do you believe this can be truthfully said in the greater part of fourteen of the States of this Union to-day which the Democratic party control absolutely? The Republican party is a party of principles; the same principles prevailing wherever it has a foothold.

The Democratic party is united in but one thing, and that is in getting control of the government in all its branches. It is for internal improvement at the expense of the government in one section and against this in another. It favors repudiation of solemn obligations in one section and honest payment of its debts in another, where public opinion will not tolerate any other view. It favors fiat money in one place and good money in another. Finally, it favors the pooling of all issues not favored by the Republicans, to the end that it may secure the one principle upon which the party is a most harmonious unit—namely, getting control of the government in all its branches.

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

DWIGHT L. MOODY.
[1837-1899.]
[Famous Revivalist.]

FOR eighteen hundred years men have been talking about Christ and thinking about him; and some have their minds made up about who he is, and doubtless some have not. And, although all these years have rolled away, this question comes up, addressed to each of us to-day, "What think ye of Christ?"

If I were to ask you what you think of any of your prominent men you would always have your mind made up about him. And why should not people make up their minds about the Lord Jesus Christ and take their stand for or against him? If you think well of him, why not speak well of him and range yourselves on his side? And if you think ill of him, and believe him to be an impostor, and that he did not die to save the world, why not lift up your voice and say you are against him? It would be a happy day for Christianity if men would just take sides—if we could know positively who was really for him and who was against him.

It is of very little importance what the world thinks of any one else. The queen and the statesmen, the peers, and the princes, must soon be gone. It matters little, comparatively, what we think of them; but every living soul on the face of the earth is concerned with this Man. The question for the world is, "What think ye of Christ?"

I do not ask you what you think of the Established Church, or of the Presbyterians, or the Baptists, or the Roman Catholics; I do not ask you what you think of this minister or that, of this doctrine or that; but I want to ask you what you think of the living person of Christ?

Was he really the Son of God—the great God-Man? Did he leave heaven and come down to this world for a purpose? Was it really to seek and to save? What do you think of his coming

into this world and being born in a manger when it might have been a palace? He left the grandeur and the glory of heaven, and the royal retinue of angels; he passed by palaces and crowns and dominion and came down here alone.

What do you think of him as a teacher? He spake as never man spake. As a preacher? I should like to bring you to that mountainside, that we might listen to the words as they fall from his gentle lips. Talk about the preachers of the present day! I would rather a thousand times be five minutes at the feet of Christ than listen a lifetime to all the wise men in the world. He used just to hang truth upon anything. Yonder is a sower, a fox, a bird, and he just gathers the truth round them, so that you can not see a sower, a fox, or a bird without thinking what Jesus said. Yonder is a lily of the valley; you can not see it without thinking of his words, "They toil not, neither do they spin."

He makes the little sparrow chirping in the air preach to us. How fresh those wonderful sermons are; how they live to-day! How we love to tell them to our children; how the children love to hear! "Tell me a story about Jesus,"—how often we hear it; how the little ones love his sermons! No story-book in the world will ever interest them like the stories that he told. And yet how profound he was; how he puzzled the wise men; how the Scribes and the Pharisees could never fathom him! Oh, do you not think he was a wonderful preacher?

If you want to find out what a man is nowadays, you inquire about him from those who know him best. I do not wish to be partial; we will go to his enemies, and to his friends. We will ask them, What think ye of Christ?

First among the witnesses, let us call upon the Pharisees. We know how they hated him. Let us put a few questions to them. "Come, Pharisees, tell us what you have against the Son of God. What do you think of Christ?" Hear what they say! "This man receiveth sinners." What an argument to bring against him! Why, it is the very thing that makes us love him. It is the glory of the gospel. He receives sinners. If he had

not, what would have become of us? Have you nothing more to bring against him than this? Why, it is one of the greatest compliments that was ever paid him. Once more: "When he was hanging on the tree, you had this to say of him, 'He saved others, but he could not save himself.'" So he laid down his own life for yours and mine. Yes, Pharisees, you have told the truth for once in your lives! He saved others. He died for others. He was a ransom for many; so it is quite true what you think of him—he saved others, himself he can not save.

Now, let us call upon Caiaphas. Let him stand up here in his flowing robes; let us ask him for his evidence. "Caiaphas, you were chief priest when Christ was tried; you were president of the Sanhedrim; you were in the council-chamber when they found him guilty; you yourself condemned him. Tell us; what did the witnesses say? On what grounds did you judge him? What testimony was brought against him?" "He hath spoken blasphemy," says Caiaphas. "He said, 'Hereafter shall ye see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven.' When I heard that, I found him guilty of blasphemy; I rent my mantle and condemned him to death." Yes, all that they had against him was that he was the Son of God; and they slew him for the promise of his coming for his bride!

Now let us summon Pilate. Let him enter the witness-box.

"Pilate, this man was brought before you; you examined him; you talked with him face to face; what think you of Christ?"

"I find no fault in him," says Pilate. "He said he was the King of the Jews, but I find no fault in him." Such is the testimony of the man who examined him! And, as he stands there, the center of a mob, there comes along a man, elbowing his way in haste. He rushes up to Pilate, and, thrusting out his hand, gives him a message. He tears it open; his face turns pale as he reads, "Have thou nothing to do with this just man, for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him." It is from Pilate's wife--her testimony to Christ. You want

to know what his enemies thought of him? You want to know what a heathen thought? Well, here it is: "no fault in him"; and the wife of a heathen: "this just man!"

And now, look—in comes Judas. He ought to make a good witness. Let us address him. "Come, tell us, Judas, what think you of Christ? You knew the master well; you sold him for thirty pieces of silver; you betrayed him with a kiss; you saw him perform those miracles; you were with him in Jerusalem. In Bethany, when he summoned up Lazarus, you were there. What think you of him?" I can see him as he comes into the presence of the chief priests; I can hear the money ring as he dashes it upon the table with, "I have betrayed innocent blood!" Here is the man who betrayed him, and this is what he thinks of him! Yes, those who were guilty of his death put their testimony on record that he was an innocent man.

Let us take the centurion who was present at the execution. He had charge of the Roman soldiers. He had told them to make him carry his cross; he had given orders for the nails to be driven into his feet and hands, for the spear to be thrust into his side. Let the centurion come forward. "Centurion, you had charge of the executioners; you saw that the order for his death was carried out; you saw him die; you heard him speak upon the cross. Tell us, what think you of Christ?" Hark! Look at him; he is smiting his breast as he cries, "Truly, this was the Son of God!"

I might go to the thief upon the cross, and ask what he thought of him. At first he railed upon him and reviled him. But then he thought better of it. "This man hath done nothing amiss," he says.

I might go further. I might summon the very devils themselves and ask them for their testimony. Have they anything to say of him? Why, the very devils called him the Son of God! In Mark we have the unclean spirit crying, "Jesus, thou Son of the most High God." Men say, "Oh, I believe Christ to be the Son of God, and because I believe it intellectually I shall be

saved." I tell you, the devils did that. And they did more than that; they trembled.

Let us bring in his friends. We want you to hear their evidence. Let us call that prince of preachers. Let us hear the forerunner; none ever preached like this man—this man who drew all Jerusalem and all Judea into the wilderness to hear him; this man who burst upon the nations like the flash of a meteor. Let John the Baptist come with his leathern girdle and his hairy coat, and let him tell us what he thinks of Christ. His words, though they were echoed in the wilderness of Palestine, are written in the Book for ever: "Behold the lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world!" This is what John the Baptist thought of him. "I bear record that he is the Son of God." No wonder he drew all Jerusalem and Judea to him, because he preached Christ. And whenever men preach Christ, they are sure to have plenty of followers.

But I shall go still further. I shall go away from earth into the other world. I shall summon the angels and ask them what they think of Christ. They saw him in the bosom of the Father before the world was. Before the dawn of creation, before the morning stars sang together, he was there. They saw him leave the throne and come down to the manger. What a scene for them to witness! Ask these heavenly beings what they thought of him then. For once they are permitted to speak; for once the silence of heaven is broken. Listen to their song on the plains of Bethlehem, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." He leaves the throne to save the world. Is it a wonder the angels thought well of him?

Then there are the redeemed saints—they that see him face to face. Here on earth he was never known, no one seemed really to be acquainted with him; but he was known in that world where he had been from the foundation. What do they think of him there? If we could hear from heaven we should hear

a shout which would glorify and magnify his name. We are told that when John was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day, and being caught up, he heard a shout around him, ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands and thousands of voices, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing!" Yes, he is worthy of all this. Heaven can not speak too well of him. Oh, that earth would take up the echo and join with heaven in singing, "Worthy to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing!"

But there is still another witness—a higher still. Some think that the God of the Old Testament is the Christ of the New. But when Jesus came out of Jordan, baptized by John, there came a voice from heaven. God the Father spoke. It was His testimony to Christ: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Ah, yes! God the Father thinks well of the Son. And if God is well pleased with him, so ought we. If the sinner and God are well pleased with Christ, then the sinner and God can meet. The moment you say, as the Father said, "I am well pleased with him," and accept him, you are wedded to God. Will you not believe the testimony? Will you not believe this witness, this last of all, the Lord of hosts, the King of kings himself? Once more He repeats it, so that all may know it. With Peter and James and John, on the mount of transfiguration, He cries again, "This is my beloved Son; hear him." And that voice went echoing and reechoing through Palestine, through all the earth from sea to sea; yes, that voice is echoing still, Hear him! Hear him!

My friend, will you hear him to-day? Hark! what is He saying to you? "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." Will you not think well of such a Saviour? Will you not believe in him? Will you not trust in him with all your

heart and mind? Will you not live for him? If he laid down his life for us, is it not the least we can do to lay down ours for him? If he bore the Cross and died on it for me, ought I not to be willing to take it up for him? Oh, have we not reason to think well of him? Do you think it is right and noble to lift up your voice against such a Saviour? Do you think it is just to cry, Crucify him! Crucify him!" Oh, may God help all of us to glorify the Father, by thinking well of His only-begotten Son.

AMERICAN TARIFFS.

CARL SCHURZ.
[German-American Statesman.]

[Address before Massachusetts Reform Club, Boston, October 20, 1890.]

OUR first tariff was enacted in 1789. It was protective in intention, but so low in its rates that to-day it would be considered the rankest of Free Trade. Under it there was a steady growth and the most general prosperity and contentment.

Then came the war of 1812, during which the tariff rates were temporarily doubled. People rushed into venturesome, speculative manufacturing enterprises, such as will inevitably bring on a crash. In 1816, the war tariff law having expired, a new tariff was made, protective in principle and much higher in its rates. In 1819, the crash came, with general depression, bankruptcy, and ruin in its train.

In 1824, the rates of the tariff of 1816 were thought not high enough, and a new protective tariff was made. The country had recovered from the crisis; but, already in 1828, duties were again thought not high enough, and again a new tariff was made. This was the so-called "Tariff of Abominations."

Now, it will strike you that in these forty years of protective policy, while times of prosperity alternated with times of depression, one thing was constant: The pressure of the protected

interests for higher tariff duties; the ever-increasing demand for more, more; the rapid growth of appetite on eating; four great tariff acts, not counting the war measure, during a time covering one man's active business life, each one thought sufficient at the time, each one found too low after a little while; stability in the laws affecting business always loudly insisted upon, and that stability always disturbed by a demand for higher duties.

For the explanation of such phenomena I like to turn to the friends of the system. In a speech delivered in 1870 Senator Morrill, one of the most eminent of American Protectionists, spoke as follows: "It is a libel to charge, as it has often been charged, that protection is always increasing its demands for further legislative favors. The facts are all the other way. Experienced manufacturers are always moderate in their demands. Only those unskilled or working with inferior machinery clamor for extravagant protection, and such extravagances may be properly rejected just as the clamor in the opposite direction may be rejected."

My esteemed friend can certainly not have meant to say that tariff duties were constantly raised during the period I have mentioned, without being asked for by manufacturers and others believing themselves benefited by protection. That they were so asked for and even urgently pressed, is no mere conjecture—it is well-ascertained history.

What my friend must have meant is that the clamor for higher duties did not come from those manufacturers whom he classes as the "experienced" and "prudent," but from the "unskilled," those "working with inferior machinery." And here Mr. Morrill touches one of the secret points of the protective policy.

It is true that high protective duties encourage the "unskilled," men without solid business ability, to go into manufacturing enterprise in a speculative way, relying upon "legislative favors" to help them; that protection frequently enables

them "to flourish for a day;" that their lack of business knowledge and ability then will entangle them in embarrassment, until they are in danger of "going down with a crash;" that then they will rush to Congress clamoring for higher duties, in order to get higher prices for their wares, thus to be helped out of the lurch; that, when the higher duties are granted, they go on in the old manner, again "flourishing for a day," until they are obliged to run to Congress once more for still higher duties to be helped out of the lurch again, and so on; that thus the high protective policy helps a horde of incompetents in business at the expense of the people, and that their reckless ventures, constantly disturbing the business situation, are a danger to those manufacturers "whose prudent management deserves success." It is true that to the able, experienced, and provident manufacturer high protection is rather a curse than a blessing, as it protects the unskilful and reckless against him; and the more prudent and provident he is, the more moderate will he be in his demands.

But it would be a mistake to say that the unskilful and reckless manufacturers are the only class constantly clamoring for higher protection. There are those also who are able business men, but whose greed is equal to their ability; who want to get very rich very quickly, and see in high protective duties a facility for making exorbitant profits. They, too, are regularly on hand clamoring, on high, patriotic grounds, for "increased legislative favors," and usually know how to get them, too.

And there is a third agency working in the same direction. Most of our protective tariffs have been constructed, not by the House of Representatives and the Senate alone, but also by a third house—and that sometimes the strongest of the three—the lobby—the lobby consisting of the agents of many different interests, each possessing more or less power, and each eager to obtain the greatest possible amount of "legislative favor" for itself.

Such are the lessons taught by our first protective period

from 1789 to 1835. Then came Clay's compromise tariff, practically recognizing the justice of the existing discontent and intended as a great act of conciliation. It reduced duties by a gradual diminution to a maximum of twenty per cent., to be reached in 1842. Crazy speculation and the wildest financial mismanagement, with which the tariff had nothing to do, brought on the great crisis of 1837. The depression following and the insufficiency of revenue were sought to be remedied by the tariff of 1842, again a protective one, but very short-lived. In 1846, when Polk was President and Robert J. Walker Secretary of the Treasury, the country entered upon the experience of a different system. Walker, in his first report, laid down these rules:

"That no more money should be collected by taxation than necessary for the wants of the Government.

"That no duty be imposed on any article above the lowest rate which will yield the largest amount of revenue.

"That below such a rate discrimination be made, descending in the scale of duties, or, for imperative reasons, the article might be placed on the list of those free from all duties.

"That the maximum of revenue duties should be imposed on luxuries.

"That all minimum and all specific duties should be abolished and ad valorem duties upon the actual market value be substituted.

"That the duties should be so imposed as to operate as equally as possible throughout the Union, discriminating neither for nor against any class or section."

The tariff of 1846 was framed substantially upon these principles. What was the result? The protected interests cried out that American industries would break down; that the laborer would be without work and bread; that the foreigner would have exclusive possession of the American market and levy tribute on the American people; that general ruin and desolation were inevitable. Well, what happened? Let a prominent advo-

cate of the protective system describe the character of that period of low tariff.

Mr. Blaine, in his "Twenty Years in Congress," speaks thus: "The tariff of 1846 was yielding abundant revenue, and the business of the country was in a flourishing condition. Money became very abundant after the year 1849; large enterprises were undertaken, speculation was prevalent; and, for a considerable period, the prosperity of the country was general and apparently genuine." The economic history of the time would have enabled Mr. Blaine to say even more.

It is said that the extraordinary prosperity of that period was owing in great part to a concurrence of fortunate circumstances with which the low tariff had nothing to do, and this is undoubtedly true. But it is equally true that the remarkably prosperous development of our manufactures, with which the tariff is supposed to have had something to do, did take place under the low tariff of 1846, and thus disproved all the dismal predictions to the contrary. An unprecedented thing happened. It had been long a current saying among politicians that as often as a Presidential election came round the manufacturers were on hand demanding of political parties some "legislative favor" in consideration of their votes. Ten years after the tariff of 1846 had gone into operation, the manufacturers asked for nothing; or, if any of them did, they were so few that no party did them reverence.

But if the general state of satisfaction under the low tariff of 1846 was so great as Mr. Blaine justly describes it, why did the country ever return to a different system? The revenue became so redundant that, in 1857, Congress thought it wise to reduce tariff duties still further.

The financial crisis of 1857, brought on mainly by our currency disorders, bad banking, and excessive speculation, intervened. The revenue of the Government fell off in an embarrassing degree and measures had to be taken to replenish the national treasury. The result was the so-called Morrill tariff. In introducing it in the House of Representatives, Mr. Morrill

spoke these remarkable words: "In this very process of education, a comparison of our own tariffs of 1824, 1828, 1832, 1842, 1846, and 1857, will show that we have made more rapid strides in cheapening manufactures, and therefore lessening the necessity of incidental protection, than ever England made herself in any equal period of time. Having more than two centuries the start in her industrial enterprise, we are now not more than fifteen years in her rear. The pupil will soon overtake his mistress."

Fifteen years? This was said in 1860. In Mr. Morrill's opinion, then, this country would have been ripe for free trade in 1875. And what did he propose to bring about this consummation? A tariff which he himself said, that while the specific rates proposed in it gave somewhat surer protection, yet these "specific rates were only equivalent for the tariff of 1846, or a change of form rather than of substance."

But then a fateful change was brought on by stirring events.

The Civil War broke out. The Republic was in danger. It could not be saved without a constant and abundant supply of money.

In 1862 the real exigencies of the Civil War dawned upon the public mind, and then we beheld some of the wildest experiments in taxation the world has ever seen. On July 1, 1862, an extensive system of internal taxes was adopted. Taxes were laid upon everything within sight, on all sorts of manufactures, on incomes, on the gross receipts of corporations, licenses on callings, and so on. The manufacturers cried out: "If you put taxes on our industrial products, on our receipts, on our incomes, how can we compete with the world under such burdens?" It was not pretended that the manufacturers needed further protection. Not at all.

The fortunes of war were fickle. The needs of the Government grew more and more urgent. One temporary measure after another for its relief was adopted by Congress, until finally they culminated in that tornado of taxation, the revenue legislation of

1864. The internal revenue system was again enormously extended, and again a tariff bill was brought in as another measure of compensation to the manufacturers, which raised duties to an enormous height. It was called an urgent duty of patriotism to pass them, and that duty was obeyed.

Had anybody proposed anything like the tariff of 1864 as a measure merely intended to promote domestic industry, as an economic policy, the idea would have been covered with ridicule and contempt as one unworthy of consideration. Had anybody predicted at that time, that the tariff of 1864, that huge jumble of imposts piled up helter-skelter, would remain the basis of the economic policy of the Republic for more than twenty-five years after the end of the Civil War, he would have been hooted down as a fool, or denounced as a traitor.

The people did not think of political economy; they thought of battle, of victory, of saving the Republic. They trusted and struggled on. And when in the Presidential election of 1864 they were asked: "Will you continue to bear the heavy burdens you have borne so long for the salvation of the Republic to the end, and will you continue to entrust those who imposed them upon you with your confidence and with the powers of your Government?" the solemn answer was, "We will."

Well, in 1865 the Civil War came to an end. Peace was restored and the internal revenue taxes gradually disappeared. The protected industries were then expected to give up their compensation. What was the reply? "Oh, no; these tariff duties we must keep. Whoever seeks to deprive us of them is a pestilent British free trader and an enemy of the American workingman." And thus the war tariff substantially remained.

I will not recount in detail by what shifts a show was made of tariff reduction which left the protective duties almost untouched, and how these long years the Republican party promised tariff revision downward, until finally, after the election of 1888, which put the whole power of the Government into Re-

publican hands, the leaders of the party declared that tariff revision meant revision upward; whereupon the tariff of 1890 was made the most monstrous this country has ever seen—one of the most monstrous ever enacted in any country. And this at a time of profound peace, not the slighest danger of a foreign conflict clouding our horizon, no internal taxation burdening our industries, no exigency in our national finances calling for higher revenues.

The first greeting this tariff received was a loud announcement of the higher prices the people would have to pay for almost every article covered by it.

Just as after the close of the Civil War, when the internal taxes had disappeared, the manufacturers would not let go their compensation in tariff duties, so many of the most potent and important protected industries, when it was time for home competition to show the promised beneficent effect, coolly proceeded to form "trusts," combinations, agreements, understandings among themselves, for the purpose of controlling and, if necessary, of limiting production and of maintaining, or even raising, prices. In this way they succeeded in many cases in establishing virtual monopolies. After foreign competition had been in a great measure excluded by law for their benefit, they proceeded themselves to strangle home competition, too, also for their own benefit.

This is so clear that the protectionists feared the people would jump at the conclusion. Then laws were devised declaring the organization of trusts unlawful and punishable. But who believes in their effectiveness? What is the anti-trust law? A lightning-rod to prevent the popular feeling against the trusts from striking the tariff.

How long so many people will permit themselves to be befogged by these well-worn sophistries about the infants to be nursed, the home-market for the farmer, and the tariff as the only support of the workingman's wages; how long they will

suffer themselves to be diverted from their true interests by the past record of a "Grand Old Party," by the stale demagogue screech about the Rebel brigadiers, or the more recent silly device of "the new secession in the House of Representatives;" how long people will dance to these tunes and pay the fiddler, I shall not undertake to predict. But I believe it will not be very long.

Another feeling will tell, that growing up among the wisest of our manufacturers, that a grab-game tariff like ours is, in the long run, not only not a help, but rather an obstacle to a healthy development of our industries. You must not be surprised if at some day not far distant the manufacturer of New England joins hands with the farmer of the West and the South against a common foe.

And, while the American in general is a patient being and will permit himself to be plundered for a while to make an experiment, there is a limit to his good nature. And I believe that limit is now rapidly being reached. When it comes I, as a conservative man, hope it will not come as an avalanche, crushing everything in its path, although it may. I hope it will come as a peaceful reform.

LABOR'S GREATEST CURSE.

TERENCE V. POWDERLY.

LET me say a few words to you on a cause that some years ago was not so popular as it is to-day. Carry these words home with you. Tell them to every person you meet, whether Knight of Labor or not. The greatest curse that labor has to contend with to-day it finds in its own home, in its own grasp:

the worst weapon that is wielded against labor to-day is held by the strong right hand of labor itself; and when that weapon is raised to strike a blow, it is raised in the shape of a glass that carries with it the rum that drowns a man's reason.

If I could put words into the mouth of every one, I would say to every man, woman, and child who labors, throughout the length and breadth of the world, cast strong drink aside as you would an ounce of liquid hell. It damns, it blights; it sears conscience, body and soul; it destroys everything it touches; it reaches and ruins the family-circle, drags the wife down from the pinnacle of purity, and tramples her in the mire, and then turns her into that house from which no decent, respectable woman ever comes alive. It takes her child from her grasp; it strangles innocence, purity, ay, even life itself at times. It takes the chair, the table, the furniture, the dishes, the mirror, and the little pictures your pennies bought; it takes them all to the pawnbroker's shop, and carries them in pennies to the grog-shop and drowns them all in oblivion.

When I see men going from the door of the saloon to the door of their homes, one in that direction, another in that, each one a thing for the finger of scorn to be pointed at; each one a thing for all strong, honest, decent men and women to shun; each one a thing to despise as you would a serpent; each one reeling through the street in rags, with a face in which no intelligence is shown; each one with every feature of a man obliterated, and only that of the beast to be seen;—and I have seen these things rap on the doors of their homes; I have seen the women come to open the doors; I have seen the smile vanish from the face; I have heard the cry of children where the laugh should be; I have seen them at early morn and close of day; I have seen them in my own city; I have seen them in your own State; I have seen them in New York; I have seen them in every city east of the Mississippi,—and I know that if there is a damning blight and curse to labor, it is that which gurgles from the neck of the bottle.

OUR FLAG.

A. P. PUTNAM.

WHAT precious associations cluster around our flag! Not alone have our fathers set up this banner in the name of God over the well-won battlefields of the Revolution, and over the cities and towns which they rescued from despotic rule, but think where also their descendants have carried it and raised it in conquest or protection! Through what clouds of dust and smoke has it passed! What storms of shot and shell! What scenes of fire and blood!

Brave hands raised it above the eternal regions of ice in the Arctic seas, and have set it up on the lofty mountains of the West and in the distant isles of the East. Where has it not gone? the pride of its friends and the terror of its foes? What countries and what seas has it not visited? Where has not the American citizen been able to stand beneath its folds and defy the world?

With what joy and exultation seamen and tourists have gazed upon its stars and stripes, read in it the history of their nation's glory, received from it the full sense of security, and drawn from it the inspiration of patriotism! By it how many have sworn fealty to their country! What bursts of magnificent eloquence it has called forth!

How many heroes its folds have covered in death! How many have lived for it! How many have died for it! How many living and dying have said in their enthusiastic devotion to its honor, "Oh, the flag! the Stars and Stripes!" And wherever that flag has gone, it has been the herald of a better day, it has been the pledge of freedom, of justice, of order, of civilization, and of Christianity. Tyrants only have hated it, and the enemies of mankind alone have trampled it to the earth. All who sigh for the triumph of truth and righteousness love and salute it.

MAN'S TRUE SELF.

RALPH WALDO TRINE.

[From "What All the World's A-Seeking," published by T. Y. Crowell & Company.]

THE most powerful agent in character-building is the awakening to the true self, to the fact that man is a spiritual being,—nay, more, that I, this very eternal I, am a spiritual being right here and now, at this very moment, with God-powers which can be quickly called forth. With this awakening, life in all its manifold relations becomes wonderfully simplified. And as to the powers, the full realization of the fact that man is a spiritual being and a living as such brings, they are absolutely without limit, increasing in direct proportion as the higher self, the God-self, assumes the mastery, and so as this higher spiritualization of life goes on.

With this awakening and realization one is brought at once en rapport with the universe. He feels the power and the thrill of the life universal. He goes out from his own little garden-spot, and mingles with the great universe; and the little perplexities, trials and difficulties of life that to-day so vex and annoy him, fall away of their own accord by reason of their very insignificance. The intuitions become keener and ever more keen and unerring in their guidance. There comes more and more the power of reading men. There comes more and more the power of seeing into the future, so that more and more true becomes the old adage,—that coming events cast their shadows before. Health in time takes the place of disease; for all disease and its consequent suffering is merely the result of the violation of law, either consciously or unconsciously, either intentionally or unintentionally.

Of the vital power of thought and the interior forces in molding conditions, and more, of the supremacy of thought over all conditions, the world has scarcely the faintest grasp, not to

say even idea, as yet. The fact that thoughts are forces, and that through them *we have creative power,* is one of the most vital facts of the universe.

Through our thought-forces we have creative power, not in a figurative sense, but in reality. Everything in the material universe about us had its origin first in spirit, in thought, and from this it took its form.

Every castle the world has ever seen was first an ideal in the architect's mind. Every statue was first an ideal in the sculptor's mind. Every piece of mechanism the world has ever known was first formed in the mind of the inventor. Here it was given birth to. These same mind-forces then dictated to and sent the energy into the hand that drew the model, and then again dictated to and sent the energy into the hands whereby the first instrument was clothed in the material form of metal or of wood. Mind is positive; matter is negative.

Each individual life is a part of, and hence is one with, the Infinite Life; and the highest intelligence and power belong to each in just the degree that he recognizes his oneness and lays claim to and uses it. The power of the word is not merely an idle phrase or form of expression. It is a real mental, spiritual, scientific fact, and can become vital and powerful in your hands and in mine in just the degree that we understand the omnipotence of the thought-forces and raise all to the higher planes.

We are all living, so to speak, in a vast ocean of thought. The very atmosphere about us is charged with the thought-forces that are being continually sent out. When the thought-forces leave the brain, they go out upon the atmosphere, the subtle conducting ether, much the same as sound-waves go out.

The law operating here is one with that great law of the universe,—that like attracts like, so that one continually attracts to himself forces and influences most akin to those of his own life. And his own life is determined by the thoughts and emotions he habitually entertains, for each is building his world from within. As within, so without: cause, effect.

It is by virtue of this law that each person creates his own "atmosphere;" and this atmosphere is determined by the character of the thoughts he habitually entertains. It is, in fact, simply his thought-atmosphere,—the atmosphere which other people detect and are influenced by.

Each is building his world from within; and, if outside forces play, it is because he allows them to play; and he has it in his own power to determine whether these shall be positive, uplifting, ennobling, strengthening, success-giving, or negative, degrading, weakening, failure-bringing.

Nothing is more subtle than thought, nothing more powerful, nothing more irresistible in its operations, when rightly applied and held to with a faith and fidelity that is unswerving,—a faith and fidelity that never know the neutralizing effects of doubt and fear.

Earnest, sincere desire, sincere aspiration for higher and better conditions or means to realize them, the thought-forces actively sent out for their realization, these continually watered by firm expectation, without allowing the contrary, neutralizing force of fear ever to enter in,—this, accompanied by rightly-directed work and activity, will bring about the fullest realization of one's highest desires and aspirations with a certainty as absolute as that effect follows cause. Each and every one of us can thus make for himself ever higher and higher conditions, can attract ever and ever higher influences, can realize an ever higher and higher ideal in life. These are the forces that are within us, simply waiting to be recognized and used,—the forces that we should infuse into and mold every-day life with. The moment we vitally recognize them, they become our servants and wait upon our bidding.

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